

THE AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND.



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W. Skelton sculp.

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forgive me.*

The Children *Ah papa! forgive mama.*

The Father *'Tis I that should ask pardon
for imagining you guilty.*

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THE
FRIEND OF YOUTH;

BEING A SEQUEL TO THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND;

AND LIKE THAT WORK,
CONSISTING OF
APT STORIES, ENTERTAINING DIALOGUES,
AND

MORAL DRAMAS:

ALL INTENDED

To excite Attention, cherish Feeling, and inculcate Virtue

IN THE

RISEING GENERATION;

Partly translated from Mr. BERQUIN, and other French
and German Writers, and partly Original,
being written by the Editor himself,

The Rev. MARK ANTHONY MEILAN.

Embellished with

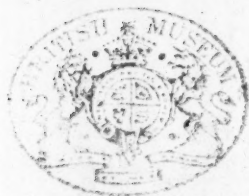
COPPER-PLATES.

V O L. XII.

L O N D O N:

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T H E

COURTEOUS LITTLE ONES.

SIR William Harrington,* a baronet of very ancient family, together with his lady, and their two fine children, Urban and Pulcheria, were upon the point of going down into the country at that season of the year, when, as is usual with the gentry, they exchange the bustle of a crowded city for retirement. They had pitched on Essex, where the baronet had lately purchased an estate; on which there was a very comfortable but old mansion, which was fitting up for their reception; and as then it was the fashion (which continues still) of acting plays in private houses for the sake of rational amusement among friends, the baronet was fitting up a little theatre adjoining to the mansion. Every thing was nearly finished, and the children, who had both their little heads quite full of that removal which was shortly to take place, one evening, being with their good mama, the following conversation passed between them,

Dear mama, began Pulcheria, I was talking yesterday to Sarah, and she told me John no sooner had arrived from Essex, where next week we are to go for all the summer, but he made a sad description of the house and neighbourhood. The house, he told her, was surrounded by a pond; the furniture was quite old fashioned; there was not a sash in any of the rooms, but leaded casements, and the chimnies were abominably large.

URBAN. Yes, sister; I was told all this by John.

The LADY. It seems you must be much in want of conversation, when you chuse such people to converse with, as a footman and maid-servant. If you think it disagreeable to pass away your summer in a house like that you are to go to, how was I off, who, when yet a child, as regularly as the summer came, passed eight whole months of every year in such a dwelling; but the truth is, my dear parents found their house much more convenient than those miserable pent-up habitations we have here in London, where, though every thing is ornamented at a great expence, we are not at our ease, but run the risque of various ailments. I have told you often, you must never heed what servants say, who generally know not what they talk of.

URBAN. But mama, if you will give me leave to tell you all, my tutor likewise fears,
that

that in such great apartments as our house must have, and more particularly as the doors of ancient buildings never shut quite close, he shall catch cold before he can be settled.

The LADY. He fears this, because he is an ailing man. We shall however take all possible precaution to make every thing as comfortable to him as we can; and I persuade myself, he will not find himself so badly off, as he is apprehensive now he shall. Though Mr. Goodwin's fears are not well grounded, you may listen Urban to his conversation; but to mind what servants say, is foolish; and I thought, Pulcheria, I had positively told you not to mix with Sarah, or her fellow servants.

PULCHERIA. Yes, mama; and till of late, I have obeyed you: but, you know, my governess is ill, and ever since she has been forced to keep her room, Sarah has regularly dressed me.

The LADY. Well; and must you, upon that account, converse with Sarah?

PULCHERIA. No, mama. I never do; but then Priscilla is so often in the room; and 'tis to her she speaks.

The LADY. Priscilla? Sarah and Priscilla are too simpletons alike: but tell me what they say upon the subject of this house in Essex, that is not so happy as to please them. I should think their conversation must at least be very entertaining. Let me know,

for instance, what they said the last time you were all together.

PULCHERIA. That, particularly I remember. Sarah, said Priscilla, what a strange description John has brought us of the country house! Do you imagine we shall have a night's sound rest, when we are there, in such a house, surrounded upon every side by water, and no other habitation near it? Add to this, said Sarah, that the wilds, as they are called, abound with ghosts. With ghosts! replied Priscilla. Yes, with ghosts, cried Sarah. We are not to come to town again till after Christmas. Well, the frosts set in before that time, and when the ponds are frozen, they will come in troops across the ice. If we should leave a window open they will get into our very rooms, when we are fast asleep. True, interrupted here Priscilla; but the windows are not open, Sarah, at that season of the year. But by forgetfulness, I need not tell you, answered Sarah, any thing may happen. It was thus, mama, they talked to one another.

The LADY. Proper stuff indeed for servants! Sure, Pulcheria, if you did not seem delighted with such foolish observations, if you did not listen to them with a sort of earnestness, they would not talk in such a way before you: by such conversation you will vitiate your heart.

PULCHERIA.

PULCHERIA. But have you not, mama, not once alone, but often, told me that mankind are brethren, and——

The LADY. No doubt, I have ; and they are so, Pulcheria ; upon which account, we ought to love, assist, and serve them to the utmost of our power. Gentility is only an imaginary preference one person has above another ; but the article of education constitutes a real inequality. A rational, well-educated, and enlightened person, never will admit into her presence any ignorant and ill-bred individual ; so that she will have no intimacy with her servant-maid, or enter into conversation with her, as two friends are wont to do ; unless she means to ask some kindness of her mistress : for we ought to interest ourselves for any one, when she has need of our assistance, or consults us.

PULCHERIA. But, mama, upon the supposition that a servant should behave herself discreetly, ought I not to look upon her as my friend, though possibly she may be ignorant and uninstructed ?

The LADY. Let me ask *you* first one question. What does that phrase mean *to look upon another as your friend* ?

PULCHERIA. I am not at a loss for that. It means that I should love her (you yourself have told me so) *with all my heart*.

The LADY. But Mrs. Sommers loves the little Charlotte, as you say, *with all her heart*,

heart, who is but two years old. And yet, this child *is not her friend*.

PULCHERIA. Ah! ah! I understand the matter; between friends, there should be more than *friendship*.

The LADY. Certainly, there should: between two friends, there should be confidence. One cannot ask a servant maid's advice; one cannot enter into solid and improving conversation with her; no, not even on indifferent subjects. It would therefore be ridiculous to place the least degree of confidence in such a one. You ought to love her, if her character be irreproachable, and her behaviour what it should be; but 'tis utterly impossible you should consider her your friend. In short, an intimate connection of this sort would be ridiculous, Pulcheria, in a person of my age; but in a child, it would be dangerous. Urban, do you understand all this, for I address it to you both?

URBAN. Yes, very well, mama.

The LADY. I say then, in a child such intimacy would be dangerous: you have found it so yourselves; since John and Sarah, by their conversation, have contrived to fill you with a pack of foolish fears of ghosts; for though you have not told me you fear spirits, I can easily perceive you think the house we are to enter on is haunted. For the future, therefore, shun all intimacy or familiarity with servants, be their character
and

and conduct what it will : and not with servants only, but all such as are without the blessing of a proper education. But omit not upon that account to treat them with all possible good-nature and indulgence. It would be absurd to view them with contempt, because they are deprived of an advantage which you had it not, dear children, in your power to give yourselves. You ought to pity their condition, when you see them inconsiderate or foolish, and reflect within yourself, that you would not have been in any manner better, if God's providence had not vouchsafed you the inestimable benefit of being born of parents, who do every thing they can to cultivate your heart and understanding.

URBAN. But, mama, if we must not converse with such as never had an education, we shall be but badly off for company in Essex, where the inhabitants are, generally speaking, low bred country people. What shall I do for a play mate when I once get down ?

The LADY. 'Tis true, I should have been a little more explicit. By uneducated people, what I meant were principally servants, and not peasants ; for with those you may converse ; and I will tell you why.

URBAN. Aye ; that is what I shall be glad to hear, mama.

The LADY. Domestic servants are uneducated ; yet the frequent opportunity they have

have of hearing their superiors talk together, makes their language less inelegant than that of peasants. In another point of view, however, this their conversation is not less defective: for the principal objection well-bred people make thereto, respects the coarseness of their thoughts, much rather than their choice of words. When you are got among the peasants down in Essex, and they talk to you in those quaint phrases that are current in the country, I shall never be afraid you will adopt them. Their expressions are too different from those we use in London, that you should be liable to imitate them; while 'tis more than possible, that at your tender age, you would not be in any manner struck with the expressions servant men and women use, and fall into their ways, without perceiving what you are about. Besides, these servants, generally speaking, are infected with those vices that accompany the servile situation they are in. If he, who is without an education, has no trade or business wherewith to maintain himself, but leads an idle life, it is not often seen that such a one is virtuous; and a footman, far from being occupied all day by virtue of his place, consumes, 'tis very likely, more than half his time in total idleness. As, for the most part, he can neither write nor read, he has recourse to drink, that he may pass away his time; he games; his morals are insensibly corrupted; and his character soon

soon gone. Such is the common character of ignorance and indolence. Whereas, a peasant, who has something on his hands to do, and always doing something, while he lives withdrawn from London, and so many bad examples, commonly preserves within his heart that purity of morals, and those virtues, which are first of all implanted in the bosoms of us all. For my part, I am fond of talking to these country people; their simplicity and vein of nature interests me in their favour. Their expressions may create a smile upon my cheek, as being ludicrous; but they are never loose or wicked.

URBAN. This I can believe.

PULCHERIA. And so can I, mama.

The LADY. That Springfield, whom your father has employed to overlook the alterations going forward in his house just purchased, is an instance with respect to this last observation. He was here last week with Jack his little boy, while you were both from home: that Jack is certainly the smartest child I ever saw, for one in his inferior situation. When you once are down in Essex, I would have you, Urban, do him all the kindness in your power. You know your father means, among the other entertainments of his theatre, to have some pieces played by children; and if I may mistake not, this Jack Springfield will be very able to perform a character, if you encourage him before hand,
by

by a proper condescension on your part. Remember, my dear Urban, what I tell you now; and act accordingly, when you get down: yet be not condescending to *him* only, but let all the peasantry about you find the same degree of courtesy.

The conversation, for the present, ended here: and when the day of leaving London came, Sir William, with his family, removed into the country. Lady Harrington wished very much to know what good effect her admonition would produce on Urban and Pulcheria. They arrived in Essex very late. She knew, the first thing on the following morning they would wish to see would be the theatre, of which the stage and scenery were not quite finished. So she sent for Springfield; and without informing him of what she had in contemplation, but assigning some pretext or other, which it is not necessary here to mention, got him to bring Jack, that he might see the theatre, which was a special favour, as the building was not open yet for general inspection. Jack accordingly next morning came, without suspecting any thing, and Lady Harrington, apprised thereof, sent Urban and Pulcheria; but before hand got into a part within the theatre, where she might overhear their conversation when they came, but be herself unseen.

Jack's father having brought him to the theatre, he entered but, like one who fancied he

he

he was treading on forbidden ground; and made the following soliloquy, as natural at least as any one composed by Shakespeare :

Here I am : faint heart, the proverb says, yet never won fair lady. This is what they call the theatre ; where they design to represent their plays. Let me examine every thing at once ; for notwithstanding what my father says, who brought me here, the first that finds me out, will send me packing. I have heard it said, that nothing in the world is certain but two things, and they are death and taxes : but that they will shew me to the door, if I am seen, is no less certain. It will be in vain for me to tell them I was born here in the village : they will turn me out, as sure as I am in at present. So I think it will be better to set off, and save them so much trouble.

Urban, sent by his mama to view the theatre, together with Pulcheria, who it seems had stopped for something in the house, was entered ; and observing Jack, began as follows :

Ah ! good morning, little friend ; what are you doing here alone ?

JACK. What ? Nothing, Sir. I was just setting off, lest any one should come and point me out the door.

URBAN. Should come and point you out the door ? Were you not born then here about ?

JACK. Yes, truly, was I, my good little gentleman : born here at Thaydon : so too were my parents, and their parents likewise, as my children also will be, if, when I am married, I have any.

URBAN. Well then, my dear little fellow——

JACK. My dear little fellow !

URBAN. Yes, since you are of the village, do not talk of being shown the door ; for now, I too am of this village ; and I hope as such the people round about will show us some attention.

JACK. Some attention, my fine gentleman ! As if I did not know, you are come down to be our neighbour in the great fine house.

URBAN. I am so, my good little man ; and yet, you will not find but I shall think myself your fellow villager.

JACK. I look at you from top to toe ; and yet 'tis all lost labour ; for I cannot recollect you more than any one I never saw till now.

URBAN. Yes, that may be ; and yet, my father is not therefore less or more than the first farmer in the place.

JACK. And mine, I can assure you, is the oldest : but you joke, I fancy, when you say you are a farmer's son.

URBAN. I'll tell you every thing. My father having bought the great fine house and land about it——

JACK.

JACK. What, your father!—You are then——

URBAN. Sir William Harrington's own son.

JACK. Yes, yes; and I Jack Springfield. I am christened *John*; but people call me *Jack* for shortness.

URBAN. Springfield! Then I know you. You were some few days ago in London with your father, at our house; but I was out. Give me your hand, my dear Jack Springfield. My papa, as I have said already, having bought the great fine house, with pleasure will consider he is the first farmer in the place. The title is, in his imagination, as in mine, the best that could be given him; the most important to humanity, and one that with a real boast has been assumed by very worthy people: and, dear Jack, as farmer's son and farmer's son are always on a level; once more let me shake you by the hand, for we will be good friends. Chance brought you hither.——

JACK. No, Sir; but my father——

URBAN. Be it so. I am quite glad; and you shall be the deputy of your whole village, and receive for them all the attachment and attention my papa designs to show them. Yes, dear Jack, that what I tell you may not be misunderstood, I will with all my heart embrace you, as ambassador before hand from the village.

JACK. Well, I vow, my dear sweet little gentleman, your manner of behaviour charms my very heart; and if your rich papa should be as good as you are, all the neighbourhood will love and serve you with—oh! you shall see, Sir, you shall see, Sir.—There is only one uneasiness that takes me on a sudden.

URBAN. And what is it?

JACK. I should like—if it might—please you—since—but—

[Here Pulcheria, having stopped a while in doors to put her gloves on, and do other little matters, came into the theatre; and Jack observing her, went on as follows:]

Ah! what elegant young lady is this here? She has so sweet a countenance, that looking at her, I have lost myself, and cannot end what I was just about to say.

PULCHERIA. So, Urban, when I ask you next to wait a little for me, you shall do it. But what pray are you about? Performing something of a play before-hand, with that little boy?

URBAN. No, sister, I was telling him the truth; that we design to make ourselves beloved by all the village.

JACK. That you have begun to do already, and could scarce have gone a better way to work: but who is that well-dressed young lady?

URBAN. Your first shepherdes, that is to be, when she has had a little practice in the
art

art of managing a crook ; and one I honour with the name of sister. Sister, this is that Jack Springfield our mama was speaking of before we quitted London. He was here when I came in.

PULCHERIA. Ah, truly, I am glad of that ; and shall be pleased to be your shepherdess.

JACK. The more you say the more am I confounded. Our first shepherdess ! In that case, charming little lady, I am your first sheep.—Oh ! what sweet mistresses and masters I shall have !—Forgive my freedom, for your brother is the occasion of it all, in telling me how good you mean to be to all our village ; but since I shall have sufficient time to think of every thing to-morrow, let me thank you in the name of all our shepherdesses ; who, I know, will be delighted with their mistress.

PULCHERIA. I am pleased, my little Springfield, with your compliment. It flatters me the more, because it came so naturally from you, and I love such compliments.

URBAN. Ah, sister, you can never guess what pleasures we shall have in this delightful country, notwithstanding what John said about the pond and little casements. You will know them soon, however, and enjoy a world of entertainment with the honest people living round about us. After you were gone to bed last night, a gentleman came in

to pay mama a visit, and he told us all the good things we might both expect; as hunting, fishing, and what most of all of you will be pleased with, dancing under a green oak hard by. You will confess these pleasures are worth all the entertainments London can afford, and ten times more.

PULCHERIA. Yes, I can easily suppose so, brother.

JACK. What! and will you dance too with us, round about the oak?

PULCHERIA. Yes will I; and with all my heart.

JACK. What! you? Well then, since you design to be so good in downright earnest, I will come into the round.

URBAN. Do, Jack; and what's still more, we are to have a play here, when the house is finished; all performed by children of our age, and you shall have a part to act among us.

JACK. Shall I, my good master? but what part?—the first or last?

URBAN. I mean a character; and you shall act it in a fine laced coat.

JACK. Oh! oh! I understand you. Such fine stuff as what the strollers come to give us. I will take a part like that with all my heart. I verily believe the wish I have to please you both will give me courage. All those words, that, when I take a book up in my hand, and open it, seem ranged in order like so many
lettuce

lettuce plants, will I digest as easily as any other. They are chewed already, for such folks as have been taught their horn book, and their memory has nothing in the world to do but gulp them down; and as I think I read quite well——Let me alone, I warrant you, I shall not be afraid.

PULCHERIA. No, certainly.

JACK. No, certainly?—but I must twist myself about; and throw my arms out thus, and bring them back again. Since then when I appear it will be for the first time in my life that I have tied myself to such a plow, and as you are both masters of the business, you teach me how to speak.

PULCHERIA. My dearest Jack, we know no more, as you express it, of the business, than yourself; for when we come dressed out upon the stage, it will be also for the first time in *our* lives: but we shall both rely upon the kindness of the company that are to see us. I, for my part, shall have greater need than any other of that kindness; therefore, with the greater boldness I shall ask them for it.

JACK. Oh! don't you be fearful, charming Miss: for should you play amiss, there will not be a heart but will play for you, which the company will hardly do in our behalf. They will, however, see, that playing neither is your trade nor mine, and must accept the intention for the deed.

URBAN. Well said, my little JACK!— He would have added more, but Lady Harrington, rejoiced at such a conversation and such condescension in her children to the farmer's little boy, came now from her concealment; and addressed herself to little Jack, in such a stile of courtesy, encouragement, and condescension, as a lady of the great complacency, it may be easily imagined, would.

T H E

AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND.

SCENE, *A Room.*

OCTAVIA, WILLIAM, and JOSEPH.

JOSEPH (*building houses with a pack of cards.*)

SEE, mama.

OCTAVIA. Quite charming, my dear little man!

WILLIAM. Let me see likewise. (*He blows and oversets the building, and then laughs.*) Ah! ah! ah!

JOSEPH. Mama, tell Billy to be quiet: he has thrown my house down; that he has: and I must build it up again.

OCTAVIA. Why vex your brother so? Poor Joey!—How would you like to be serv'd so?

WILLIAM. He is such a child!—to be diverted with such nonsense!

OCTAVIA. To be sure, you are at least a twelvemonth older, and are mighty clever!

WILLIAM.

WILLIAM. I am always learning something or another. See, mama, (*shewing her a book of pictures*) what I am looking at. (*Fixing on one picture.*) Pray what does this mean, and what little boy is this, whose neck and hands are just like goats' skin? Who is this blind man a bed here, in one corner of the room? and what pray does the woman want the boy to do? Who is she?

OCTAVIA (*looking with attention on the picture.*) Oh! a mother, who contrives a stratagem to get her younger son the blind man's whole estate, as being better tempered than the elder.

JOSEPH (*wanting to look likewise at the picture.*) Let me see too, Billy?—Oh! how pretty!

WILLIAM (*snatching away the book.*) No: it is not pretty.

JOSEPH. Yes, it is: you mean, 'tis you that are not pretty.

WILLIAM. But I am.

JOSEPH. Mama, pray speak to brother.

OCTAVIA. Billy; my dear Billy, would you have your brother hate you?

WILLIAM. Pray forgive me.

JOSEPH (*kissing William.*) Yes, with all my heart, dear Billy.

OCTAVIA. Let me kiss you both.—There: (*while she is kissing them*) is not this much better pray than jangling?

JOSEPH

JOSEPH. I believe so, fegs. (*They return to their amusement.*)

JOSEPH (*after a pause.*) Mama, pray where's papa?

OCTAVIA. Gone out on business.

JOSEPH. I am certain he will bring us home some play things.

WILLIAM. Yes, for me.

JOSEPH. And me too, brother.

WILLIAM. Oh! for you indeed!

JOSEPH. There's some one on the stairs.
—Papa! papa! (*going to the door, and coming back*).—No.—Miss Baratty.

OCTAVIA (*getting up to meet and welcome Mrs. Johnson.*) Is it you, my dear good lady?

Mrs. JOHNSON. Are you by yourself, Octavia?

OCTAVIA. Yes: my husband has been out since morning. Have you any thing to say?

Mrs. JOHNSON. Yes:—send the children out a little, my dear friend: and then——

OCTAVIA. Go both into the other room a while; and take care not to quarrel.

JOSEPH. Very pretty, Miss Baratty! So you want us out! I'll see your naked nose for this.

WILLIAM. You little goose! why don't you see 'tis so already.

Mrs.

Mrs. JOHNSON. So it is. But come, make haste; and I will send you each a cake. *(She puts them out, and shuts the door.)*

Mrs. JOHNSON. Would you have thought it? Lelio is returned.

OCTAVIA. Who told you?

Mrs. JOHNSON. His last letter sent me under your address, and which you gave me yesterday, if you remember, mentioned he should be in Islington this day at noon: and yet I shall not dare go meet him. Ah! my dear Octavia, how unhappy must a wife be, who may not immediately appear before her husband, after three months' absence.

OCTAVIA. Yes, indeed, but that was previously to be expected by a daughter, married as you were, without your father's knowledge.

Mrs. JOHNSON. It was all my aunt's contrivance, as you know. She was acquainted perfectly with Lelio's merit, and affected with our love; and after having failed in every method to obtain my father's acquiescence to the match, she took upon her to unite me in a private manner to the only man I could bestow my heart on.

OCTAVIA. Yes; but now your aunt is dead, and I alone am in the secret to my sorrow. Need I say, I owe you every thing, dear mistress? Educated with you, by the bounty of your father, you were pleased to portion me, when I was married to the man
who

who makes me such a happy woman. Hitherto you have received all Mr. Lelio's letters through my means, as if they had been written to myself; nor durst I ever tell my husband of this last particular. Let me intreat you then——

Mrs. JOHNSON. I know what you would say; but take care how you tell him of it. He has no one reason to espouse my interests, but many to support my father's. He was once his servant; and respect for his old master would induce him to betray me. Promise then, Octavia, you will not reveal the matter to your husband.

OCTAVIA. Yes, dear lady, I *do* promise you I will not tell him any thing, whatever it may cost me: but be prudent in the interval yourself.

Mrs. JOHNSON. I will; and I have great occasion to be so, my dear Octavia: for, to tell you every thing, I bear about the pledge within me, of his love.

OCTAVIA. I dare not give you joy on the occasion: but if every body knew you wedded, I should weep for joy.

Mrs. JOHNSON. I ask you one more favour, which will be the last of such a kind, at least I think so. Lelio is by this time come; and I am certain his impatience will induce him to run every risque, that he may see me. Run and tell him therefore not to come abroad till he has had a message from

me. That is of the last importance to my project. Tell him, I am grieved as much as he can be at the necessity of this prudential part, and that I love him more a great deal than my life.

OCTAVIA. Yes, yes; before I tell him what you would be glad to have him know, I will inform him of whatever he is well acquainted with already, and when once my husband is returned, go out and find him.

Mrs. JOHNSON. Well: but I have still another favour to solicit of you: My dear father gives me every month the twentieth part of what he has been fortunate enough to get in business. He has lately made a sum, of which three hundred pounds is mine, to do whatever I think proper with it. Can you think what use I mean to put this sum to?

OCTAVIA. No, indeed.

Mrs. JOHNSON. If I were not so much indebted to you, I should be much bolder in the tender I design to make you of it.

OCTAVIA. Me!

Mrs. JOHNSON. Yes, truly—add this pleasure to all those I owe you, and permit me to lay out the whole in an annuity upon your life. I have already told the lawyer what I propose, and this evening you shall have the contract.

OCTAVIA. My dear lady, I dare neither take your bounty nor refuse it: but—

Mrs. JOHNSON. But what? If you refuse me, I will have no future service from you.

OCTAVIA. Hear me: I want nothing; and already, through your goodness, have provided for my children. If my husband were to lose me, he would be but badly off, in point of fortune. Let it then be on his life, if you resolve to purchase this annuity.

Mrs. JOHNSON. Well; be it so, Octavia. I will give the necessary orders for that purpose; and at present leave you. Never have you shown me greater friendship than in this acceptance of my present.

OCTAVIA (*alone.*) I would give my life to see her happy: but we never shall, 'till she has told her father the whole matter.—Children (*calling them, and going on when they are entered*) Well, have you been good?

WILLIAM. O yes, for we are very tired.

JOSEPH. How long papa is!

OCTAVIA. He will soon come home.

WILLIAM. Ah, here he is at last. I hear him!

(*The father enters with a drum and trumpet, playing on them, while he marches round the room.*)

The CHILDREN (*running after him.*) What! a drum and trumpet for us!

The FATHER (*to Octavia.*) Will you have a dance?

OCTAVIA. What nonsense!

The FATHER. Billy, you must have the drum,

drum, and you (*to Joseph*) the trumpet——
There.

The CHILDREN. Oh! thank you! thank you!

(*They retire a little, and compare their presents, while Octavia and the Father talk together.*)

The FATHER (*to Octavia, giving her a bag of money*). Look ye, here's *your* present. I must always bring *you* something. You, Octavia, are the greatest of my children.

OCTAVIA. And what's this?

The FATHER. The money which you recollect we lent our neighbour, who was taken up for debt. He has worked hard to get it, and 'tis all in silver. Had we not assisted him, he would, 'tis very likely, have been now in gaol; instead of which his creditor has no demand upon him, and the prison-keeper only is a loser by our kindness. I have been too——(*the children make a noise.*)—Hold your noise there?—at your cousin's, who complains you never come to see her; but are constantly lock'd up at home, as if you car'd for nothing in the world except your husband.—I, for my part, could not help agreeing with her. (*the noise continues.*) But what children! Did one ever hear the like?

OCTAVIA. To quiet them, you bring a drum and trumpet.

The

The FATHER. Get you gone into the garden. (*The children withdraw.*)

OCTAVIA. Are you going out again, my dear?

The FATHER. No.—Why?

OCTAVIA. Because I would go out a little way myself.

The FATHER. And where?

OCTAVIA. Upon a little business.

The FATHER. Business?

OCTAVIA. Yes; for Miss Baratty.

The FATHER. And what business?

OCTAVIA. That I must not tell you.

The FATHER. This is one advantage you have over me, since you can keep a secret: and on that account I tell you mine, that they may not be known.

OCTAVIA. You cannot but be well convinced how much I am obliged to Miss Baratty. It was she that brought us first together; and I think so great a benefit entitles her to some compliance on my part, even when she bids me not tell you her business.

The FATHER. Ah! I have a guess at this same business. I was yesterday conversing with her father, and he told me he had given her three hundred pounds, to do whatever she thought proper with it. Miss Baratty has a generous heart, and having so much money, may have many things to do in private. So I think at least: but get you gone, while

I stay with the children. Have you heard them read to-day?

OCTAVIA. Yes, yes.

The FATHER. Then I will see them play ; so go ; but send them in.

OCTAVIA. Good by.

The FATHER. Come home, however, soon. When I am out, I can do well enough without you ; but not here. You understand me? (*After she is gone out.*) Miss Baratty gives her often these commissions, but me never. Yet she knows with how much pleasure I should trot about to serve her ; but the case is, that she loves Octavia better by a deal than me. She's in the right. I do the same. (*To the children coming in.*) Oh ! you are here already. Come then ; but lay down your drum : and in the first place, let me ask if you have read to-day.

WILLIAM. Oh, yes.

The FATHER. And was your mother pleas'd.

JOSEPH. Oh, quite !

The FATHER. She did not scold you ?

WILLIAM. Scold, papa ! She kiss'd us.

The FATHER. Did she ? Then let me too kiss you. When you wish to make me happy, you need only please your mother. She knows more a great deal than we three all put together ; therefore we must do whatever she directs us. Must we not, my little fellows ?

WILLIAM.

WILLIAM. Yes, certainly, papa ; but as we have been both so good, you ought to tell us some fine story.

JOSEPH. Yes, yes ; that you ought, papa.

THE FATHER. With all my heart. So sit down here. (*He sits down on the floor, and puts the children one on either thigh.*) There was a king and queen, that loved each other very much.

WILLIAM. A king and queen ! oh dear !

JOSEPH. Go on, papa.

THE FATHER. And she was to the full as beautiful as he was good ; but they had never had a child, which made them very sorrowful. One evening, as the queen was sitting all alone, she heard a noise she fancied in the chimney, (*the children seem a little frightened, and come closer to their father*) and was somewhat startled. She made shift to look, however, and soon saw a little coach appear, with six green spaniels having saffron tails, nice lay-lock ears, and orange-coloured muzzles. In the coach, there was a fairy, not above six inches high, that said as follows :—Mrs. Queen, I come to promise you a child, if you have no objection to be old and ugly. None, replied the queen, provided my dear husband will still love me. I am pleased with such an answer, said the fairy ; and not only shall you have one child, but two, and also be a great deal prettier

tier than before. On this the six green spaniels turned about, and trotted up the chimney; and the queen, as she had promised, was soon after brought to bed of a delightful little prince and princess, who were charming, as the nurses said, because they looked exactly their mother.

WILLIAM. What a pretty story! but 'tis very short; you ought to let us have another.

JOSEPH. Oh, yes, let us have another. Do, papa.

The FATHER. But, you remember that fine book I bought you lately, full of stories; out of which you promised you would learn some pretty one or other. Have you kept your word?

WILLIAM. Oh yes, Papa.

The FATHER. I think you have not, by your colouring in this manner.

WILLIAM. But I have, papa; and you shall hear me tell one.

The FATHER. That I will. As long as you are children, I will study to divert you: but when age has made me childish, you must do the same by me. So let me hear this story.

WILLIAM. There were once two little boys, as pretty as——flay, let me see——as pretty as——

The FATHER. You two.

WILLIAM. A great deal prettier.

The

The FATHER. They were pretty then, indeed!

WILLIAM. These little boys, so very pretty, had a charming mother; but their father, on the other hand, was naughty: and in that they were not so well off as we. (*The father kisses him.*) The mother of these little boys was very poor. One day, as they were gathering sticks to light their mother's fire, they saw a poor old woman who had fallen down into a ditch, and could not any how get out. Upon the bank there was a fine white hen, that cluck'd as if to call for help. The little boys ran up, and got the poor old woman out, on which the hen that moment ran and laid each little boy a golden egg. The woman, who it seems was not a woman but a fairy, seeing this, began as follows: To reward your kindness, my dear little children, my white hen has laid you each a golden egg; but I design to let you have the hen: on this condition notwithstanding, that the boy who has her shall not give his brother any of the eggs she lays. To which the elder answered, Madam, I will take no treasure if I may not share it with my brother. No, nor I, began the younger; but pray let my mother have the hen, and we shall both in that case have her. Thereupon—

(*A knock without.*)

JOSEPH. Somebody knocks, papa.

The FATHER. Go out a little, while I see.

see. (*The children withdraw through one door, while a servant enters at the other.*)

The SERVANT. Your servant. Does Mrs. Smith live here, pray?

The FATHER. Yes, Sir.

The SERVANT. And is she within, Sir?

The FATHER. No, Sir.

The SERVANT. May I wait till she comes home, Sir?

The FATHER. No, Sir.

The SERVANT. Are not you her servant?

The FATHER. Yes, Sir; her head servant.

The SERVANT. Let her have this letter then: it comes from Mr. Lelio; and pray take an opportunity of slipping it into her hand, when no one sees you. I suppose you understand me?

The FATHER. No, Sir.

The SERVANT. No? I say, you are to give this letter to your mistress, secretly, because, as I conceive the matter, 'tis a billet-doux; and Mrs. Smith may have some father, or, for aught I know, some jealous-pated husband, who would take offence were he to see it.—Now you understand me?

The FATHER. I begin indeed to do so.

The SERVANT. Well, make no mistake. I have acquainted you with every thing; because, among us fellow-servants, there should be no secrets, do you see; and so your humble. (*He goes out.*)

The

THE FATHER. This familiar fellow must be certainly a liar ; but why this ? and why should Mr. Lelio write a letter to Octavia ? Here is the direction. I should like to open it : but no ; that would be disrespectful ; and besides, if I found nothing in it, I should then be sorry I had broke the seal up ; and if something, I should be much sorrier. There would be vexation only on both sides. And yet—No, no. I must be surer of my mark before suspicion. I will therefore let her have the letter, and observe her looks when she receives it. That will be the way : and here she comes.

OCTAVIA (*coming in.*) I fancy I have not been long. I hurried back as fast as I was able. But what ails you, pray ? You seem quite serious ! What has happened ?

THE FATHER. I can't tell you yet.

OCTAVIA. Has any one been here ?

THE FATHER. Yes, that there has :—A footman ; and that footman too has left a letter for you.

OCTAVIA. Left a letter for me ! What about, pray ?

THE FATHER. How should I know that. —Here, take it.

OCTAVIA (*looking at it.*) Ah !

THE FATHER. Are you acquainted with the writing ?

OCTAVIA. Yes.

THE FATHER. Whose is it ?

OCTA-

OCTAVIA (*aside.*) What can I invent to tell him?

The FATHER. Well.—You seem embarrassed.

OCTAVIA. Do you think, my dear, I would deceive you?

The FATHER. Answer me at once.—Whose writing is it?

OCTAVIA. Mr. Lelio's, I believe.

The FATHER. And so do I too. Open it. You tremble. (*After she has read the letter*) Well?

OCTAVIA (*giving him the letter.*) You will suppose me guilty; and with reason too. Yet I can call on Heaven to witness, that the purest friendship keeps me from a declaration that would fully clear my conduct.

The FATHER. I don't understand you. Let me see. (*reading.*)

“ I am arrived, my dear, and stand in need
 “ of all my reason not to rush into your arms:
 “ but I am well aware, it is a matter of im-
 “ portance to deceive the Argus that so watches
 “ over you. The sacred name that joins him
 “ to you scarce restrains my hatred: but I hope
 “ the day will come when we may possibly de-
 “ clare our love for one another. Come and see
 “ me, if you can but get away for twenty
 “ minutes from your tyrant.

“ Yours, affectionately,

“ LELIO.”

I scarce know for certain whether I am now awake or sleeping. If I sleep—Oh, no. I am awake.—(*Reading the letter.*) To Mrs. Smith!—(*He rubs his eyes.*) Yes, yes, To Mrs. Smith. Here, Mrs. Smith (*giving her back the letter.*)

OCTAVIA. My dear.

The FATHER. No: I am not your dear. You have deceived me.

OCTAVIA. Well then, I—(*apart.*) But no: I will be faithful to my benefactress. (*aloud.*) Husband, I beseech you moderate your anger. I will justify myself ere long; and then—

The FATHER. How! justify yourself? You have been out, and would not tell me whither. In your absence comes a letter, and the bearer bids me give it you in secret. It contains an assignation sent you by the very man you have been visiting; for dare deny you come from Mr. Lelio?

OCTAVIA. No; I will not tell you an untruth: but—

The FATHER. Not a word. I will not hear you; but be gone about my business, as 'tis possible were I to stay, I might disfigure that vile face of yours, which causes my misfortunes. (*Octavia in a fright shrinks back to shun him; but he grasps her by the arm, and pulls her forward.*) Oh! don't be afraid. I can possess myself. I am not even angry. I am calm, However that

be, I am now no longer what I have been hitherto, your husband. I am nothing for the future but your friend: and as a friend, take notice, I detest you; I abominate you; I despise you. Let us part this instant. Stay you here; and every farthing we have had till now in common, keep yourself. I will have nothing. I want nothing of you. (*Going.*)

OCTAVIA (*running after him*). Hear me.

The FATHER (*pushing her away, and going out.*) No.—Farewell for ever!

OCTAVIA. Wretched as I am! what will become of me? He fancies I am guilty. Let me go to Mrs. Johnson, and intreat her to take pity on me. She will justify me to my husband. Ah! I see her coming. (*To Mrs. Johnson, entering.*) Oh! my dear good lady.

Mrs. JOHNSON. I have just this moment seen your husband.

OCTAVIA. Where?

Mrs. JOHNSON. Here, hardly out of doors. I met him, and he told me he was going to my father's. I delivered him the contract we were speaking of, drawn up according to your wish; but he would hardly look at me.—But what, my dear Octavia, you are crying! What has happened?

OCTAVIA. Every thing I stood in fear of. Mr. Lelio has here written you another letter in my name, as usual. Being absent when the letter came, my husband took it in, and thinks me guilty. He forsakes me; notwith-
standing

standing which, I have concealed the real purport of your letter.

Mrs. JOHNSON. Heavens! what say you? He will go and tell my father this affair of Lelio, who will be much more incensed against him, and 'tis possible, suspect the truth of the affair; when nothing will prevail upon him to forgive me. Ah! my dear Octavia, pardon me; and wait a little. 'Tis a desperate step, but must be had recourse to. Wait, let me intreat you, till such time as I come back. (*She goes out.*)

OCTAVIA. And he!—will he return?—or shall I seek him?—He will certainly return: my heart assures me of it, and my heart yet never misinformed me, when it spoke of him. Let me expect him then in patience, till which time—(*calling*)—my children both, where are you? Come, and with your sweet caresses comfort your poor mother.

JOSEPH (*coming in with William.*) Ah! mama, what ails you? You are crying, just as when I had a fever?

WILLIAM. Dear mama, are you in pain?

OCTAVIA (*weeping.*) No, no, dear children. I am only out of order, and shall soon be well.

WILLIAM. We heard papa just now speak very loud; and thought him angry. Is it he has made you cry so?

OCTAVIA (*while her husband enters unobserved.*) He!—You know, dear children, I

was never in my life afflicted by your father. It is he alone upon the other hand that lightens my affliction.

JOSEPH. There he is. Come quick, papa. Mama is crying.

WILLIAM. Yes; and says you only lighten her affliction. What does that mean?

The FATHER (*putting them away,*) Leave me; leave me.

WILLIAM. Ah! how angry he must be! (*They go into a corner.*)

The FATHER. I fancy you are vexed at seeing me again. I am indeed so more than you; but as I mean, if I am able, to forget you utterly, I thought I would return you every thing I had of yours. 'Tis in this bag about my neck. (*He unbuttons his coat and shows it,*) And, in the first place, comes your picture. It has not belied itself, as you have done. It is still pretty. It was like you in the morning; it is now no longer so. Here likewise is the letter I received from you, consenting to our marriage, and which promised you would always love me. I don't wish to live with liars. And here too is the nosegay you were married with. You wore it in your bosom all day long; and flinging it away at night, I catch'd it up. It has not yet lost all its odour. I could never have supposed these violets would have outlived your love. There, take them. I have nothing else.—Odsso, I had forgot a contract Miss Baratty

Baratty gave me just this moment. It must certainly be yours.

OCTAVIA. No, no; quite otherwise. 'Tis yours.

The FATHER. Mine, madam;—what does that mean?

OCTAVIA. I will tell you, though the explanation is a little out of season. Miss Baratty offered me three hundred pounds this morning; I desired to have them settled upon you as an annuity, and that's the contract in your hand.

The FATHER (*throwing it from him.*) I will not have it, Do you think to give me Mr. Lelio's letters in one hand, and in the other money to console me? No, no, madam, nothing can repay me for the loss of your affection.

OCTAVIA. My affection has been always yours; and more than such confession you should not require. I have, however, more to tell you, if you will but hear me.

The FATHER. Oh! by all means. Mr. Lelio has wrote down an answer for me, to whatever you can say.

OCTAVIA. A woman who is so unhappy as to prove unfaithful to her husband, does it by degrees. If I had ever meant to wrong you, in that case, before I had proceeded to the least affection for another, I should certainly have been deficient in my love to you; and do but think, if ever my behaviour gave you

reason to suspect thus much. Have I been ever less solicitous to please you than at first? Reflect on every moment of my whole past life since we were married, can your heart accuse me?

The FATHER. It shall never do so. The old habit of affection for you, it has been in for these twelve years past, will make it always favourable to you. But I will not listen to it. What condemns you is the letter of this Lelio, Lelio loves you. That you cannot contradict; and look you, Miss Baratty's father, for to him I have related every thing, is more afflicted than surprized at the intelligence. He tells me Lelio falls in love with every woman he beholds: for you are not to fancy he adores you only. Very possibly, this letter he has sent you has been sent to twenty others: for, to go no further, this same Lelio, as he told me, had attempted something of this nature with his daughter.

OCTAVIA. Can you think then, I would ever have defrauded Miss Baratty of a lover? Miss Baratty who has shewn herself my benefactress? Can you think I would have sacrificed my love for you, my peace of mind and happiness, to have the pleasure of afflicting Miss Baratty? No, dear husband; never think I would have been so sottish. It is possible, I will acknowledge, for a woman to deceive her husband; but not likely she should wrong her lover. Love is in itself a
safeguard

safeguard stronger by a deal than virtue. I am innocent; you ought to know I am, because I love you, and prefer even death to your indifference. Answer me, my life.—What are you thinking of?—

The FATHER (*looking at her*). It were a pity, falsehood ever should have power to lurk beneath so fair a countenance.

OCTAVIA. Consult your heart, dear husband. Think within yourself of one who never till this day was in your estimation any other than your faithful wife. I will not rise again till you forgive me. (*She falls upon her knees, as do the children likewise, when they see her take that posture.*)

The CHILDREN. Ah, papa! forgive mama.

The FATHER (*lifting up Octavia, and then falling on his knees.*) 'Tis I that should desire forgiveness for the crime of having thought you guilty.

The CHILDREN. Ah, mama! forgive papa.

OCTAVIA (*clinging round her husband's neck*). At length then I am happy! Dearest life! I promise you the affair between us shall be terminated to your satisfaction.

The FATHER. It is so already, since thus ardently you have embraced me, (*He puts the things again into the bag.*)

OCTAVIA. No; I beg you not to quit the spot till I am justified. But here comes

Miss

Miss Baratty ; and poor thing how agitated ! What, alas, dear lady, are you come to tell us ?

Mrs. JOHNSON (*coming in*). That at length I am completely happy. Let me breathe a little. I am not myself.

OCTAVIA. I long to hear your tidings.

Mrs. JOHNSON. Nothing but my love for you could have inspired me with such courage, as just now I have been showing. After I was last with you, I went resolutely to my father's, and got thither when your husband had just left him. He had mentioned every thing ; for in the moment of his wrath, my father was bestowing upon Lelio all the opprobrious titles he could think of. I fell down upon my knee before him, and cried out, I am his wife ! Whose wife ? said he, and pushed me from him. Lelio's, answered I : and having said thus much, my strength forsook me totally, but not my father. Instantly he raised me from the posture I was in, with tenderness and fury both together. His whole frame was in a shivering fit ; he durst not press my hands in his, but seemed afraid ; however he appeared desirous to forgive me. I availed myself of the occasion, and proceeded to a frank avowal of my situation, telling him I had the pledge within me of our union ; adding, that the child was likewise his, and through the medium of my lips implored permission to be born that he might
love

love him. This disarmed him of his anger ; he remained a moment, as it were, uncertain what he was to say : my eyes were fixed on his ; my heart beat violently in my bosom. I looked at him stedfastly in silence, as he did at me. At last, this silence ended in a stream of tears, which were till then repressed within him. I was sure, on seeing this, he would forgive me. I arose and flung myself about his neck that moment ; and the first words coming from his lips, which he had fixed to mine, were, Sophy, I forgive you.

OCTAVIA (*running into Mrs. Johnson's arms*). Blessed day ! Now, nothing can be wanting to complete my happiness.

Mrs. JOHNSON. Come, follow me, my friends : for by my father's order, I am now to introduce my husband to him. Come, and witness a felicity, for which I am indebted to my dear Octavia.

The FATHER. But how's this ? I don't entirely understand it. Mr. Johnson, as I take it then, has married Miss Baratty ?

OCTAVIA. This is that great secret I had promised to conceal. For fear it should be brought to light, all Mr. Johnson's letters for his wife were wrote as if to me, and that to day—

The FATHER. I see now my mistake ; and never should forgive myself, particularly after Miss Baratty's generosity, and your affection, my Octavia, in the matter of this contract.

contract.—I repeat, I never should forgive myself, if I had need of any explanation to be friends with you again. (*He takes the children by the hand.*) Dear children, if you live to manhood, you will doubtless marry. Should you be as fortunate as I am in a faithful wife, remember you must never doubt her virtue; but rely upon it, notwithstanding any circumstance you may imagine you discover to accuse it.

WICKEDNESS DETECTED.

Concluded from The Myſterious Ways of Providence, in Vol. XI.

EMILIA, as the thieves had promiſed her, we muſt ſuppoſe by this time has been ſafe eſcorted, and is got to Venice. She, and her attendant, are now repreſented in an antichamber of the palace, having ſent her ring in to the duke, as being known to him; ſince it was formerly his preſent to her. After this announcement of herſelf, ſhe turns to her attendant, who obeys her intimation, and withdraws.

I thank you for your pains; and now muſt
beg

That you withdraw awhile. I would not
have

The duke obſerve you here. Retire without;
I'll ſpeak to you again; 'till when, in patience
Wait 'till I ſend you word. (*After he is gone out.*)

'Tis not his dying I ſo much lament;
For many a woman hath her huſband loſt,
Or ſoon or late muſt loſe. It is not that
Which makes life ſo uneaſily fit on me;

But

48 WICKEDNESS DETECTED.

But that my soul I have steep'd low in guilt
To save him, and in vain. Oh fool! fool!
fool!

What ordinance enjoins us to lay down
That life we could not on ourselves bestow,
Though for the dearest friend? There is no
law

To countenance such love: what scorpions
then

Does not heaven keep in store to punish her,
Who to redeem a husband from that grave
Which shall not hold him long, consents to die
For a long, long eternity. The duke
Must grant me justice, where my full-blown
wrongs

Have mark'd the name of villain: that once
gain'd,

A long farewell to life. I see him coming.

THE DUKE (*entering*). What mystery is this?
A boy! who are you?

EMILIA. One wedded to affliction; yet
not that

Which outwardly I seem.

DUKE. Where did you get
The ring you sent me here?

EMILIA. If I should say
A woman gave it me, your royal ear
Would greatly be abus'd.

DUKE. This ring I gave,
In token of my love, to one Emilia,
Then to my heart most dear. Know you that
woman?

You

You had the ring of her.

EMILIA. Oh my sad heart !
See you this face, my lord ? Observe it well ;
And let the wrongs engraved so deeply there
Assert that justice which my tongue demands.

DUKE. Why ! How is this ? Justice ! on
what ? on whom ?

EMILIA. Upon a villain whom the world
calls Albert.

DUKE. Villain thyself !

EMILIA. If you deny me justice,
You are no lawful Sovereign, but a tyrant :
Calamity is bold : I must have justice.

DUKE. This is a strange demand ! if he's
a villain,
Which he's not like to be, say who you are
That dare to call him so.

EMILIA. A wretched woman,
Once nam'd Emilia, sir.

DUKE. That cannot be.
Forbid it heaven it should. The honesty
Writ in thy face, hath too much won my
heart,
That I should think thou could'st so early climb
To infamy like hers ; of whose strange prac-
tices

On Albert, I have learn'd.

EMILIA. When wilt thou break !

DUKE. Wouldst thou persuade me then ?
But further proof
Than what bare words can bring, must in my
breast

50 WICKEDNESS DETECTED.

The certainty produce, that thou art what
I would not wish thou wert. Let's see thy
face :

Thy dress *may* be put on : but I bethink me ;
If thou'rt indeed Emilia, thy left arm
Was by an adder bit, and the mark still
Rests in the place. Shew that ; and I'll be-
lieve

Thou art the worst of women. (*She uncovers
her arm.*) I'm sorry for it.

EMILIA. 'Tis not for life I sue ; read that ;
(*giving the Duke a paper*) but justice,
Justice, to sweeten death. Oh ! noble sir,
Upon that paper, the proof hangs of more
Than my swollen heart will give me leave to
utter.

That Albert you so cherish, did suborn
A ruffian to destroy me ; to which, sir,
I could another add, but that the word's
Too vile to be pronounc'd. The murdering
me

Was his least crime ; which to conceal for
ever,

He or his partner forg'd that lying letter,
Meaning to leave it in the chamber near me,
When they had done the deed.

DUKE. " That the good Albert "—
What do I see—" intreat that heaven"—It
cannot

Cannot be his. Take therefore heed, Emilia,
If thou dost slander him, death shall want
pains

To

To punish thee enough.

EMILIA. I will be bound
To prove, fir, at your royal bar of justice,
That he's a villain, murderer, and seducer,
Breaker of oaths, and falser than mere words
Have power to set him forth; or may all tor-
ments

That cunning can devise for perjur'd wretches,
Fall on my crimes, and make the death I merit
Fearful as just. Upon my knees I ask it.

DUKE. I know not what to think.

EMILIA. I do not wish
You should believe me yet. Only suspend
The judgment of my crimes, till I can prove
What Albert truly is. I ask not much;
Yet, little as it is, my knee shall sooner
Grow to the pavement, than the thing I ask
Be lost for want of prayers: think me then
fix'd,

Never to rise again, if you withhold
The justice I demand.

DUKE. What shall I answer?

EMILIA. By the dear ashes of the man I
lov'd,

Torn from my arms by the perfidious Albert;
By the lost honour of my sex, my hope
Of happiness destroyed, and by these tears
These silent speakers of my guilt and sorrow,
Let me not kneel in vain. Hear, hear, oh!
hear me,

Left in distraction and despair I vent
Deep curses on your head, and by that deed

Go to my grave, more criminal than all
My other sins, though great, had power to
make me.

DUKE. Who is without attending! Let
me rather

Credit than doubt too much.

The purport of the Duke's remaining
speech is to inform Emilia, that he conde-
scends to her request, and will set out for Pa-
dua, that the governor's behaviour may be
searched into, and justice done her; so that
she must have her witnesses prepared. To
this he adds the promise of an escort, and
withdraws. Emilia, sending now to speak
with her attendant, when he enters, says:
Return, sir, to your friends. In every part
Has my request been heard.

THE ATTENDANT. I know it well;
I have heard every thing; and am informed
By him that sent me hither, that your cause
Will by the Duke be heard. Doubt not our
care;

To Padua will we straight.

EMILIA. It is enough.

THE ATTENDANT. The villain, on whose
witness hang your hopes
Will we convey with us.

EMILIA. I pray you tell me;
You have already done so; but my mind
Was at that time so hurt, as to impair
The office of my ear,—how did you leave
him?—

I can

I can attend you now.

The ATTENDANT. Worse than before,
When yourself saw him last. The consciouf-
ness

Of his deep guilt, join'd with the pain he
felt,

So wrought upon his mind, that it was fear'd
He shortly would go mad.

EMILIA. Look to preserve
If possible his life: for to my cause
It is of moment great. What rests, I leave
To you and your friends' diligence. The duke
Commands me to depart, conducted hence
By some one he calls his: therefore farewell,
And quickly, I have hopes to mend my wish
With what shall claim your thanks. Fail not
at Padua.

It is now high time we should return to
Padua, whither Reginald, Sebastian's partner,
being now returned, and having told Lord Al-
bert of the attack upon them, Albert finds it
no hard matter to conclude Sebastian has
been put to death by the banditti; and Emi-
lia famished in the forest. Matters having
turned out thus, he seems to triumph in his
villainy: judge therefore, what was his asto-
nishment at the arrival of the Duke to scruti-
nize into his conduct! Reginald says what
he can devise to raise his spirits, and as-
sures him he will swear to every thing ad-
vanced. At this their conversation ends.
And we are now proceeding to the final scene

54 WICKEDNESS DETECTED.

of this abominable business ; their detection
in a court of justice, which the Duke on his
arrival summoned ; and when met, addressed
as follows :

Take you your places, reverend senators ;
And hither bring these parties that appeal
For justice to the law. You of the court
Know Albert was my friend. The love I
bore him,

No circumstance through his whole course of
life

But must bear witness. From his infancy
Built I his fortunes, and his hopeful youth
(Scarce dearer my own son's) in the warm beam
Of my protection rear'd.

*(Here on one side enter Albert, with his wit-
ness Reginald ; and on the other side, Emi-
lia, with her witnesses, the chief of the
banditti, and her late Attendant to the
Court of Venice.)*

DUKE. I'm sorry Albert

Thus to behold thee here : if innocent,
That thy good name, which yet hath been
unblemish'd,

Suffers such wrong : if not, that thy offences
Must by myself be punished. Take then
counsel,

And the salvation of your soul hereafter
Risque not to 'scape the law. If you are
guilty,

You will in part appease eternal justice,
Making

WICKEDNESS DETECTED. 55

Making your peace with heaven, by so much
easier,

As at this bar a generous frank confession
Lightens your earthly sentence. Ponder duly
This our advice, and answer to the question,
Guilty or not?

ALBERT. My gracious lord, Not guilty.

DUKE. Heaven send thee a deliverance.

You, Emilia,

Hear his reply : and therefore, as you value
That which your duty to yourself and heaven
Bids you most prize—your everlasting wel-
fare,

Whilst you proceed against lord Albert here,
Take heed of perjury. For, of this be cer-
tain,

Tho' at our bar you gain a wicked verdict,
And through the blindness of your judge,
that cannot

Read what the heart contains, to quick de-
struction

Drive an unhappy man, yet that hereafter
There is another bar and strict tribunal,
Where by a judge, who cannot err in judg-
ment,

Not only Albert, but yourself, Emilia,
Shall be proceeded with, not as you seem,
But as you truly are.

EMILIA. My soul and body
Both injur'd by that fiend, could I redeem
them

From ruin irretrievable, I would

Pledge

56 WICKEDNESS DETECTED

Pledge once again; and forfeit, if he proves
Better than I have spoke him.

DUKE. Not one only
Is the appellant here; but each, the other
On his own part accuses. (*To Emilia.*) You,
he says,

Conspir'd against his life? Do you confess it?

EMILIA. No, were I on my death bed.

DUKE. Then must Albert
Bring proof of the attempt. You have it
ready?

ALBERT. I have a friend, who from the
first throughout
Knows the whole plot. What instruments,
what means,

Heaven and himself preventing their effects,
Were plann'd against my life.

DUKE. That made appear,
Unburthens you of blame; and fixes all
Upon Emilia's head. Let him be called.

ALBERT. Unhappy as I am! There lies
my grief!
He is not to be found.

DUKE. How's that?

ALBERT. I fear
His zeal for his friend's service hath brought
down
Destruction on his life.

DUKE. What! is he dead?

ALBERT. Dead, Sir, and likewise mur-
dered. It was he,
Who, when Emilia having broke from prison,
Took shelter in the forest west of Padua,

Led

Led my pursuit. Come hither, Reginald.
Here is a man, my liege, his faithful servant,
Who had not heaven been pleased to save him
from it,

Would have partook the fate of his poor
master.

DUKE. Come near me. Was the man
that Albert speaks of
Slain in thy company?

REGINALD. Yes, my dread lord.

DUKE. Tell me, by whom? and where-
fore did they kill him.

REGINALD. There are a set of villains,
who subsist

On plunder, that lie harbour'd in that forest.
These men it was, who from an ambush is-
suing,

Seized on Sebastian unawares, and kill'd him.

EMILIA. Oh! my good lord! that mur-
dered man he talks of,

I also do accuse.

DUKE. Know you this man?

EMILIA. Till now I never saw him; but
I pray you

Let him be closely guarded. May destruction
Whelm me, if in the end I fail to prove him
Guilty with Albert: both, both bloody vil-
lains.

DUKE. Well, he is safe: what can you
urge against him?

EMILIA. There is a man, my liege, hard
by attending,

And

58 WICKEDNESS DETECTED.

And Albert knows him too, that can disprove
Each syllable advanc'd touching the man
Kill'd, as he says. Let me intreat your
highness,
That he be sent for straight. This gentleman
Knows where he bides. (*Pointing to the Cap-
tain.*)

DUKE. Some two or three attend him.
(*The Captain and others go out.*)

EMILIA. In the mean time, be pleased
to read this paper.

It will explain itself.

ALBERT (*aside.*) What means that paper?
What witness can she bring of circumstances
Here only, hid in darkness thick as Erebus,
And in the bosom of the slain Sebastian?
Her husband is at peace; silenced for ever.
Deep in his grave he lies. Oh! wherefore
did I

Venture the past; if now, when most I lack
it,

Failing in resolution, I permit
Weak fears to shake me thus?

DUKE (*after having read the paper.*) Guard
well that fellow.

Sirrah, come near me. Look thou answer
truly.

Tell me—yet stay, I will bethink me, Albert,
Where is the Provost?

ALBERT. Him I thought it fitting,
So please you, to dismiss and send to prison.

DUKE. Wherefore to prison?

ALBERT.

ALBERT. 'Twas he, my liege, abetted Emilia's flight from law.

DUKE. How know you this?

ALBERT. He has confess'd it, Sir.

EMILIA. He was compelled then.

DUKE. Emilia, speak not you. Send to the prison,

For I will see this Provost. (*One goes out.*)

EMILIA. Here comes my witness, Sir; the man I spoke of.

ALBERT (*aside, on seeing Sebastian, supported by the Captain, enter.*) Sebastian here, and living!

What do I see?

DUKE. Come, which is he? (*astonished at the sight of one in such a situation as Sebastian.*) What's this? Is this your prisoner?

Emilia, why how now? Have you thrown off

All fear, as well as shame, thus to produce

A spectre at our bar, to be your evidence?

But woe upon thy head; for on my honour,

Thou and these wretches here, thy vile adherents,

Leagu'd, as I now discover, to destroy

Our deputy's good name; shall the law's terrors

Feel in their amplest scope.

EMILIA. My lord, I come not

Harden'd in impudence, my countless sins,

Still to increase, by slanderous accusations;

But

60 WICKEDNESS DETECTED.

But to demand your justice on a villain,
Than whom, I still aver, there is no greater
Thro' the wide world.

DUKE. Fie, fie upon thee, woman!

EMILIA. If you regard a poor complain-
ing widow,——

DUKE. Let go my robe: I will not hear
thy flanders.

ALBERT. I have stood silent by, knowing,
my lord,

The malice of this woman, my accuser,
Would on herself return. This is the man
I spoke of to your Grace, who, as it seems,
Hath by a kind of wonder been preserv'd
For his friend's use. But wherefore thus I
find him?

Or to what end Emilia brings him hither?
I'm puzzled to divine. Only of this
I am at last convinced, that I owe all
The shame I have endured, not to her malice
But a distemper'd mind.

DUKE. Is that Sebastian?

ALBERT. My dear and valued friend!
alas! speak to me.

Oh! he is mad! (*Sebastian struggling to get
loose.*)

DUKE. Be sure you hold him safely.

(*The Provost is here brought in.*)

SEBASTIAN. Give, give me way. You
vomit sulphur on me;

This is the burning zone! I tread in flames!
Will the clouds never screen me from the sun?

WICKEDNESS DETECTED. 61

Hot, hot, and parch'd ! Come down, ye elements.

Let the sky fall. Whole cataracts rush upon me ;

Burst this strong fence, and deluging my bosom,

Turn the fierce hell that rages there to winter.

DUKE. Madness indeed ! Take him away.

SEBASTIAN. Oh pity !

This is too much ! 'Twas Albert stole thy honour.

Turn then on him the scorpions of thy vengeance.

Me, thou should'st spare ; for tho' I held the dagger,

He glories in the crime. (*He is borne off.*)

ALBERT. Afflicted spirit !

How my heart bleeds, beholding his distraction,

But let him pass. I hold Emilia's meaning
Now but too plain ; and do demand, not sue
for,

Justice upon that forcerefs, and the partners
Of her offence. The wrongs that touch *me*
only

I from my soul forgive. Impudent strumpet !
Where is my friend ? Give, give him back
his reason :

But the vile arts that have undone him, never
Shall his poor mind restore. Then, grant me
justice :

62 WICKEDNESS DETECTED.

My lord, I urge this boldly; for my honour
Lies now at stake: my dying friend requires it.

DUKE. Albert, this man, Sebastian as
thou call'st him,
Speaks in his frenzy from a dreadful know-
ledge

Of a great sin within him; and however
We may suppose him mad, yet on my honour
I should stand tax'd as partial, to imagine
Thou wert not guilty too.

ALBERT. Must then my fate
Depend upon a madman?

DUKE (*seeing the Provost.*) Oh! you come!
Provost, draw near; and overlook this paper;
That from yourself, who best should know
the occurrence,

We may receive report how true 'tis written.

ALBERT (*aside*). All goes to wreck!
And the deceiving angel that first drew
My footing into guilt, now to his hell
Flies back and leaves me hopeless. Ill betide
Those wretches, who like me, for safety place
Dependance on the devil.

PROVOST (*having finished reading.*) As I
have hopes
Of an eternal state, this heinous charge,
I could be sworn, is false.

DUKE. But you, he says,
Conspir'd in her escape.

EMILIA. No, on my soul;
Not he, but my good sister, furnish'd me
The means by which I fled.

The

WICKEDNESS DETECTED. 63

The Duke is now persuaded of Emilia's innocence ; but turning to the Captain, mentions he appears as wishing to say something, when the Captain telling who he was, a person banished by him for his crimes, the Duke's opinion once again is altered, since Emilia brought such witnesses ; he passes sentence therefore on the Captain, with his followers, and then turning to Emilia, says :

For thee
Made nameless now by guilt, we shall take
time

To study cruel torments,

Albert having sudden cause for exultation, thus afforded him, and wishing to preclude all further questioning, bids those about the Duke tear off Emilia's hold ; but she exclaims :

I will not let him go. Dread sovereign,
hear me,
Left in the pangs of death, I cry to heaven,
And his unerring arm punish the man
Whose judgment wrong'd the friendless and
the widow.

ALBERT. My lord, I do intreat you in
behalf
Of this poor woman now. The wrongs she
has done me

Here I blot out, and ask no reparation.
She challenges my pity.

EMILIA. Monster, peace !
I do refuse, detest, and scorn thy pity ;

64 WICKEDNESS DETECTED.

Such pity finds the wren, chirping to move
The mercy of the hawk. My gracious lord,
Whatever comes of me, beware that serpent.

ALBERT. Poor frantic wretch !

DUKE. Infatuated woman !

Think'st thou so light of death, that thou
must try

All aggravating arts to make that death
Accompanied with tortures. If we should
Vouchsafe thy desperate wish, to which our
mercy,

Unworthy as thou art, shall scarcely drive us,
What would it profit thee ?

ALBERT. Send her away.

'Tis my intreaty, Sir. You feed her frenzy.
She knows not what she says.

DUKE. Let her alone ;
She seeks it all herself.

EMILIA. Even for that
I give you my whole thanks, and will stand
bound

To suffer the worst pains, if I not prove
My accusations just : all laid in truth,
No one in madness. Therefore, I repeat,
That Albert is a fiend cursed as the spirit
That tempted our first parents. Other names,
Calling him fiend, I shall forbear to name.

DUKE. Why this is strange ! Come, I will
yield ; but, Albert,
Let not this day aggrieve you. When 'tis
done,

Your honour, and your honesty, that now
Shine

WICKEDNESS DETECTED. 65

Shine within narrow limits, shall break forth
And every eye attract.

While the Duke is speaking thus, a servant enters to inform the Court, Sebastian was broke loose, and coming in. He follows him in fact, and in the dreadful crisis of his death and desperation, speaks as follows :

Albert, I come
Fainting and weak, my glass of life just out,
Thy penitence to waken. Oh! be warn'd
By the sad end I make. There is no way
To put deceit on heaven. Convinc'd too late
Of this important truth, I now must die,
Which had I sooner known, as never then
My soul had lean'd to guilt, not all the world
Should lure me back from death : but as I
am,

Worlds would I give in barter for one day,
My peace to make with heaven. That may
be thine.

Emilia—'tis in vain—I would say that
Which my full bosom heaves with ; but alas !
All but these groans, the icy hand of death
Stops in the passage. You that can look up
To heaven, pray for me. Reginald, come
hither.

You may say something. Do, and clear
Emilia.

Oh! my last soul! oh! save me!

Saying this, Sebastian yielded up his
breath : and now, on Reginald's confession,
came out the whole scene of guilt. Emilia,

therefore, being now upon the point of having justice done her, and solicitous to serve the Captain and his followers, who had been the means of this redress, bespoke the Duke in their behalf, who pardoned and received them once again into the number of his subjects. Upon which Emilia took her leave as follows :

For this, and for your justice on my wronger, I humbly give you thanks, and take my leave.

DUKE. Go with her, one or two. Have comfort : Heaven

Hath listen'd to your prayers. Think but on that,

And all things shall go well. (*After Emilia has withdrawn.*) I'm full of sorrow.

This, Albert, is thy work. Oh ! barbarous man !

What hast thou done ? If thou that wast so good, Could'st fall to such impiety, this heart Shall henceforth no man trust. Will you persist,

And throw away that jewel of your soul, Which nothing can redeem ?

The Governor remaining fixed in sullen silence, he was going to pronounce the sentence, when a servant entered to inform the Duke, that the unfortunate Emilia had destroyed herself that very instant, with a sword snatched for the purpose from the side of one of her attendants : and was coming in, as she had something of importance she desired to say

say before she yielded up the ghost. Emilia now appeared ; and in the first place, thus addressed that enemy she had pursued with such relentless animosity.

Albert, you behold me
Now at my journey's end. Oh ! if you can
Pity at last a miserable woman,
Hurl'd by your hand from innocence and
honour,

For your soul's sake confess.

DUKE. Unhappy moment !

EMILIA. He that shall bear the news of
this self-murder

To my poor sister's ear, oh ! let him tell her,
Thus by my death atoning my offences,
Once more I claim the title of a sister ;
Dear as I was when yet of guilt unconscious.

DUKE. Heaven look in pity on her.

EMILIA. Think not, Albert,
That I am come thy few remaining moments
More to embitter. No ; for may the wrongs
That have thus brought me low, be buried
with me.

Raise me, my friends. Oh ! I am fainting !

—Albert,

Heaven knows my heart, and knows that I
forgive thee.

May heaven forgive thee too.

DUKE. Exalted goodness !

EMILIA. Let not my sovereign, while my
guilt with horror

Silent he views, bar up his heart, while pity
Knocks

68 WICKEDNESS DETECTED.

Knocks at the gate, and pleads to be admitted.

Think on the cause :—The love I bore a husband.

Where are you all ? Darknefs and death are on me.

Oh ! for a moment ! save me ! I am dying. Take me to mercy, Heaven, and pardon Albert.

With this we end the piece ; for Albert, secretly affected by such goodness, and beholding death inevitable, made a full confession of his guilt, submitted to the punishment with resignation, and died truly penitent.

THE HAND UNSEEN.

Miss SEYMOUR and FRANCES.

Miss SEYMOUR.

WELL, Frances; have you seen the widow?

FRANCES. Yes, Miss Seymour; and she gives you thanks for the assistance you have sent her, with such kindness.

Miss SEYMOUR. Kindness! a mere trifle, Frances. Would to Heaven I had it in my power to send her more. Poor woman! how I pity her! and those two little children left her to maintain! When next you see her, mention I will do my utmost for her, and prevail upon papa to send her something. I am sure he will. He gives me, as you know, two shillings every week; and those shall be for her. Then too, when school begins, he never sends me off without a guinea: I will leave that likewise for her. Do not, pray, forget to let her know all this.

FRANCES. No, no, my dear young lady; I will let her know this very day what good you mean her: Heaven preserve you for your charity!

charity ! But, after all, why need you thus give every farthing you can come at to this woman, notwithstanding she is really so destitute ? Young ladies of your age want something to divert themselves : a toy or trinket now and then is not amiss. Your little sister doats upon them.

MISS SEYMOUR. You forget yourself, I fancy, Frances. You must recollect, my dear papa refuses me no toy or trinket I desire. But what occasion have I for such baubles ? No : the greatest pleasure I can have is that of doing good to others. If my sister is so fond of spending all her money upon playthings, must I imitate her in that matter ? I have better thoughts, thank God ; however, Nancy is as yet a very child, not more than eight years old ; and I am twelve. In four years time, she will perhaps have better notions.

FRANCES. She has time enough, no doubt, before her, to amend ; and yet, would you believe it, the poor widow told me, that a little lady, not above your sister's age, comes to her every Monday morning with no less than ten-pence in her hand :—the dear good creature ! which she gives her, but will not so much as mention where she lives, or what her name is.—If Miss Anna would but follow such a good example—

MISS SEYMOUR. She will do so, I dare promise, when she comes to be a little older ;
but,

but, however, should she not, or were she older now than really she is, her conduct should not be a rule for me to go by.

FRANCES. You are doubtless in the right; and I did wrong in recommending you to discontinue doing the poor widow so much good.

Miss SEYMOUR. Don't speak another word about it, Frances. You had no bad meaning in so doing. You have much too good a heart for that, I know.

FRANCES. I hope so; and indeed, so far from finding fault with what you do, I cannot but approve your charity, and think you hold me out a good example. Notwithstanding I am only a poor servant, I will do, however, what I can, and from this day will give her the sixth part of what my wages come to, which will be—stay; let me think a little—about five-pence weekly.

Miss SEYMOUR. I don't mean to make you change your charitable resolution; but may say, you are not in my situation. You have nothing like a future fortune to expect, and are, as you yourself expresses it, poor at present. On the other hand, my father is quite rich, and will not spend the money he has saved in business. Almost all his property, as he has told me frequently, is in the stocks. He does not spend the interest of it, consequently he grows richer every day. You, Frances, do not get enough to save a penny
of

of your wages. It is true, as long as you are here, you will not want for any thing; but my papa may die, and then what would become of you. My sister and myself would then be under the direction of a guardian, and you, Frances, have some other place to seek.

FRANCES. I don't concern myself at all for that; for I remember, when I left the country, and came up to town, my parents told me, that God's providence would never let me want, if I but did my duty, and was virtuous.

Miss SEYMOUR. Yes, I hope so, Frances; but who knows what accident may happen. Ah, here comes my governess.

MADemoisELLE (*coming in.*). My dear, I have but just this moment had a laughable affair to settle with your sister.

Miss SEYMOUR. What affair, dear governess?

MADemoisELLE. Oh, 'tis no great matter. I must own, it made me laugh a little. Frances, go up stairs, and keep your favourite Anna company a little. The poor child, I thought, seemed rather melancholy. Run, good Frances.

FRANCES. Yes, with all my heart. (*She goes out.*)

MADemoisELLE. I wished to be alone with you; for notwithstanding Frances is a very prudent girl, and never tattles, yet I should

should not think of making her my confidant respecting the misconduct of your sister.

Miss SEYMOUR. Will she never alter her behaviour then; but have continually the same taste for play-things?

MADemoisELLE. Her desires that way increase. However, if her disposition went no further than the wish of having toys, the matter would not be so much amiss: but then, she calls whatever is exposed to sale in all the shops through Bond-street, by that name. This morning going by the toy-shop situated at the corner, if you recollect, of Conduit-street, she saw a filthy ape's skin, stuffed so well, it must be owned, that it appeared exactly like a real ape. Look! look, dear governess! said she, and pointed to it, what a charming pretty play-thing! Let's go in and buy it. Play-thing, Miss, said I; why surely you can see 'tis not a play-thing: 'tis an ugly ape. No matter, answered Anna, buy it. It will stand on one end of the chimney-piece, and when we see another like it, we will buy that too, and put it on the other end to match it.

Miss SEYMOUR. Is it possible, dear governess, that Anna should be really so giddy headed? You astonish me; I never could have thought her love for play-things would have carried her so far.

MADemoisELLE. 'Tis very true, however; add to which, the way she has so regularly of destroying them. She never keeps a plaything two whole days together; but, on that account, is far from being tired of buying new ones. She receives a shilling every week, which, with the presents made her frequently, goes all in toys. Toys, toys, continually; yet, where are they after all?

Miss SEYMOUR. Where, governess? Why burnt, no doubt. How else can she get rid of such a multitude of things? She is not likely to give one away; for did you ever know her put her hand into her pocket out of doors, and give a poor distressed blind man or woman, not to mention any other kind of beggars, so much as a farthing?

MADemoisELLE. No, indeed: and then too, only think of her excuse, when she is taxed with such a want of pity;—that she must not give away what has been given her. That her papa has told her so himself; and therefore she will never part with any money to perform a charitable action: she asserts, she has no money that has not been given her by her papa or friends.

Miss SEYMOUR. Did ever little creature argue so perversely? She has not a wicked heart, or I should be inclined to think it gave her pleasure that this observation of not parting with what first of all her friends have given

given her, was dropped : she takes such care to be directed by it !

MADemoisELLE. It might seem indeed so ; but, my dear young lady, let us change the subject, and discourse of matters much more pleasing. I was last night told you had been so considerate as to send a little sum of money to a widow in the neighbourhood with two poor children.

Miss SEYMOUR. Ah, dear governess, don't speak of that ?

MADemoisELLE. And why not, pray, when I applaud you for it ?

Miss SEYMOUR. Well then, governess, since you know every thing, I will not hide the matter. Is it not much better for me to employ my money in this manner, than, like Anna, throw it all away in baubles ?

MADemoisELLE. Yes, indeed ; you speak like what you are, a good young lady. You should go a little further, and do every thing, as far as your persuasion goes, to make your sister imitate you : if she would but part with two-pence of her money weekly to this widow, it would be a good beginning.

Miss SEYMOUR. Two-pence, to be sure, is no great matter ; yet if she would but consent to part with that, there might be hopes, from such a good beginning, of her being charitable when she comes to be a little older. Others, younger than herself, at least as young, might be on this occasion mentioned,

whose example is a lesson to her; for, my dear good governess, would you believe it, that a little lady, nearly of her age, allows this very widow ten-pence weekly, which she brings herself: so Frances told me.

MADemoiselle. Is it possible?

Miss SEYMOUR. 'Tis true, indeed; and what still adds considerably to the value of her charity, she will not tell the widow who she is.

MADemoiselle. What a reproof is not the goodness of this little creature to your sister! When you talk upon this subject to her, I would recommend you to make mention of this lady to her. Shame may operate upon her to lay out the money her papa allows her in a better manner. If you could but bring her to do so, how happy your papa would be; for Anna's love of trifles makes him every day still more and more uneasy; and with reason; for a gentleman as he is, whose beneficence is built upon that love he entertains for every human being, cannot be indifferent, when he sees a child of his so utterly insensible to his example.

Miss SEYMOUR. You are in the right, indeed; and therefore I will see once more what good effect persuasion will produce upon her. I am sure she has a well-disposed and feeling heart, and her insensibility proceeds from want of thought. To this, add still another quality; she is not of a stubborn temper,

temper. I will therefore seriously once more exhort her; but what think you, governess, were you to second me. Would there be any harm in that?

MADemoisELLE. No, none at all; so be assured, Miss Seymour, I *will* second you. I'll go immediately and send her to you.

Miss SEYMOUR. Do, dear governess. How many obligations have I not to your attention shewn me; for, exclusive of the pleasure it would give papa, and Anna's benefit, I think that could I cure her of the foolish inclinations she gives way to, I should be the happiest child existing.

MADemoisELLE. Let us hope you will be so. I'll go up stairs; and in a minute look to see her coming. (*She goes out.*)

Miss SEYMOUR. What a careful creature! She has no one wish or study but to make us happy; and I hope she will succeed in her endeavours. I can answer for myself; and will not yet despair of Anna. She is very well disposed, and I may hope my governess will find some way or other to reform her. I am four years older than she is, which makes some difference. When I was only eight years old, I too was fond of play-things, as I very well remember; let her be but four years older, and she will not be the same she is at present. Here she comes; and always in the self same merry humour.

ANNA (*entering*). Sister! sister! Have you seen the charming play-thing governess has just now bought me?

Miss SEYMOUR. What an ugly ape! What pleasure can you take in having such a frightful creature, that is only fit to grin, and play a thousand hideous antics?

ANNA. No; no grinning: nor yet any antics, as you think. How can that be, when he is stuffed with straw? The charming creature! I have put him on the mantle piece, at one end of it; till such time as I can find a fellow for the other end.

Miss SEYMOUR. Fine talking! you will not have patience till you find another; but this hideous bauble, like your other play-things, will be quite demolished in a day or two, or gone some other way.

ANNA. And if it should? The money was my own, with which I bought it.

Miss SEYMOUR. But, my dearest Anna, might you not employ your money in a way much better? You are purchasing eternally some knick knack or another, and keep nothing; so that what you buy can never give you any pleasure, or at least a very trifling one. But have you ever taken notice of the poor and needy? Those, if I may say so, are the play-things you should cherish; for what satisfaction can you find in looking all day long at ugly figures? Ah, dear sister! how I
pity

pity you, that you have no enjoyment of true pleasure!

ANNA. What then would you have me do with all the money I receive for my allowance?

Miss SEYMOUR. Do? If you would wish to know, I can with ease inform you: Not that you may praise me, but acquire an inclination to beneficence, which will occasion you more pleasure than an ugly ape can give you.

ANNA. What! and all the other play-things I have bought?

Miss SEYMOUR. Yes, all.

ANNA. Then I can tell you, sister, I have yet a deal of pleasure to enjoy. I am so fond of play-things.

Miss SEYMOUR. Yes, so it appears, when you contrive to rid yourself of what you are continually purchasing. This ape of yours will follow all the rest.

ANNA. And do you know, dear sister, all the pleasure I receive is, when I rid myself of what you call my knick knacks, as I may do very likely of my ape ere long; at least, as far as I can see at present?

Miss SEYMOUR. Was there ever such a giddy-headed little thoughtless creature?

ANNA. But you said you could supply me with a pleasure greater than my ape, as well as every other play-thing I have bought can give

give me. So pray let me hear. I long to know it.

MISS SEYMOUR. Well then, sister, there is living here hard by, a poor unhappy widow with two children, that are almost famishing with hunger. Some unknown good little girl comes to her every week with ten-pence. She is rich however, very likely, and may do so easily enough; but Frances, our poor maid, would you believe it? has proposed to give her almost six-pence weekly of her little wages. You might do much more; but be it less, upon condition you do something.—Spend in future but a part, of your allowance in unnecessary toys, and let her have a part. You will enjoy a pleasure by so doing, that no ape, I say once more, can give.

ANNA. And are you sure of that?

MISS SEYMOUR. Yes, quite so.

ANNA. Yet I think you have not seen my ape?

MISS SEYMOUR. Nor ever wish to see it. Such an ugly creature!

ANNA. Such an ugly creature? You and I are not agreed it seems, dear sister, on that head.

MISS SEYMOUR. But Anna, you have not yet told me what you mean to do respecting my poor widow?

ANNA. Let me know what *you* would have me do.

Miss

Miss SEYMOUR. Not much; at least not much at first. You have a shilling every week: suppose you were to give her two-pence of it?

ANNA. Two-pence!—And you think I should be very good, if I allowed her two-pence?

Miss SEYMOUR. Yes indeed.

ANNA. Well then, dear sister, be assured I will not part with so much as a farthing to her of the money my papa allows me.

Miss SEYMOUR. And why not?

ANNA. For three good reasons.

Miss SEYMOUR. 'Tis impossible they should be good; yet let me hear them.

ANNA. First, because I am so fond of playthings, that I have not so much as a farthing I can spare from buying all I see.

Miss SEYMOUR. You call this a good reason, do you?—good for nothing I suppose you mean; but let me hear your second.

ANNA. In the next place, if you do her so much good, what need have I to give her any thing?

Miss SEYMOUR. Another good for nothing reason; for you will not tell me but that charity is very commendable—will you?

ANNA. No indeed.

Miss SEYMOUR. Well then, instead of following my example, you suppose, because I think it proper to be charitable, you are under no necessity of being so yourself; but
let

let me have your other reason. I shall see it is no better than the former.

ANNA. Rather, you will say it is the best of all: for don't you know what my papa has often told me?—I must never give away what he, or any of my friends, have let me have by way of present. It shows disrespect, and tells them I despise their gifts. There: what have you to say to that?

Miss SEYMOUR. But little, if you cannot see papa could never mean you should not be, in any manner, charitable with the money he allows you every week to spend in any thing you please.

ANNA. No, no: I take his words as he designed them. Never give away what I or any of your friends have given you: it seems to say you scorn their gifts.

Miss SEYMOUR. Why don't you ask papa, then, if he means you should not give away in charity what he allows you?

ANNA. Possibly, I may do so; but I am sure he means what I have told you. And so, sister, having answered all your questions, I must go and see my dear sweet ape. Good bye.—Ah governess!

MADemoisELLE (*entering in a great hurry*) Dear little Anna, what have you been doing?

ANNA. Doing, governess! who I?

MADemoisELLE. Yes, Anna. Here is your papa come home from walking. He had scarcely got in doors when he enquired for

for you. Go bid the little slut, said he—— but stopping short, as if he meant to come himself and find you, made that moment towards the stairs, and now you hear him.

ANNA. Bless me! what can be the matter?

MADEMOISELLE. Nay, I fancy that you know yourself.

Mr. SEYMOUR. (*coming in*) I find you here then, Anna; do I?—what is this they tell me?

ANNA. What is this they tell you? I don't know, papa.

Mr. SEYMOUR. Don't know? have you been doing nothing then you should not?

ANNA. No indeed.

Mr. SEYMOUR. And yet, my little finger grumbles something.

ANNA. Don't believe it, dear papa; it tells a story.

Mr. SEYMOUR. Does it? but I am not in a trifling humour now. How many play things have you bought, from time to time, at Mr. Bridport's?

ANNA. I don't know, papa.

Mr. SEYMOUR. Then I will tell you; or at least what money you have spent at Mr. Bridport's. It is now above a year since your allowance has been every week a shilling.— From your own confession, you have laid it every farthing out in baubles at his shop; that is at least two guineas and a half. Two

guineas and a half I look on as a deal of money, and enough to buy a quantity of toys : now what can you have done with all these toys ?

ANNA. (*aside*) Am I discovered ? what had I best do ?

Mr. SEYMOUR. Well ?

ANNA. Pray don't ask me, dear papa.

Mr. SEYMOUR. Don't ask you ! No indeed, because I know. (*turning to Miss Seymour*) Would you believe it, Kitty ? She has regularly carried back her purchases to Mr. Bridport, and again received the money they first cost, except a very little.

Miss SEYMOUR. Is it possible ?

Mr. SEYMOUR. You recollect, I fancy, that bureau she bought for three and sixpence ?

Miss SEYMOUR. Perfectly, papa.

Mr. SEYMOUR. And what a head your cousin Humphries scratched upon it, when he came to see you, having nothing better to employ himself about ?

Miss SEYMOUR. I do, papa,

Mr. SEYMOUR. Well then, that very scratched bureau, as I was passing Bridport's, did I see with other playthings, in his window. I imagined I could not mistake it, and was only curious to find out what could have brought it back. I went into the shop, and asked him how he came to have it back again ; on which he showed me a large drawer quite full

full of playthings, which I knew to have been Anna's. Upon asking him the meaning of all this, he told me she had regularly brought them, after keeping every article a day or two in her possession, and received the money back they cost, deducting only two-pence out of every shilling; which I thought was very moderate on Mr. Bridport's part, as many of the things were damaged in her keeping. He was going on to tell me more, when customers came in and interrupted us. The rest then, I must have from you, if, as I hope you will, you choose to tell me, Anna. What then have you done with all that money? You have certainly not saved it?

ANNA. (*beginning to be frightened*) No, papa.

MR. SEYMOUR. Nor spent it?

ANNA. No papa.

MR. SEYMOUR. You must have given it away then?

MISS SEYMOUR. No indeed, sir. I can answer for her there; since just this moment, I was doing all I could to make her follow my example, with respect to that poor widow I relieve; and telling her as an inducement, that even Frances, from her trifling wages, was resolved to send her something weekly.

MR. SEYMOUR. And is that pray true?

MISS SEYMOUR. Yes, dear papa:—poor Frances, not above a quarter of an hour ago, had formed the generous resolution of assist-

ing this poor widow with a sixth part of her wages.

MR. SEYMOUR. What a lesson, Anna, this for you, with your close-heartedness! But still, I have not been informed what you have done with all the money Bridport has returned you back. Where is it?

ANNA. Pray, my dear papa, don't ask me.

MR. SEYMOUR. What am I to think of this?

MADEMOISELLE. If you have spent it foolishly, confess the truth, and your papa will pardon you.

ANNA. If I were sure of that.

MR. SEYMOUR (*in a passion*). Where is the money? Will you force me once again to ask that question? If you do——

ANNA. Well then, papa, I will confess the whole affair; but if when I have told you every thing, you find I have done wrong, I can at least assure you, I had no bad meaning: therefore——

MR. SEYMOUR. To the point at once. How long do you design to keep me?

ANNA. I am going to inform you. In the first place then, I knew the widow, mentioned by my sister, long before she did, and wanted to do something for her. I have had a shilling weekly for this twelvemonth past, and would have sent it her as regularly as you gave it me, but that I never had forgot you told

told me long ago, I never was to give away what you, or any one of my relations, gave me. Still, however, my desires of giving something to the widow, that might go towards keeping her two hungry children, were not upon that account the less; and yet I was afraid to disobey you. I confess, I had some doubts, and would have asked you if I might not give away in charity what I received, but recollected what reply I had received on asking questions, after you had told me to do any thing. I want no arguing, Anna, what I wish for, is obedience. Do you not remember you have often told me so, papa?

MR. SEYMOUR. 'Tis probable I have; but what of that? and what fine story are you trumping up to serve your purpose.

ANNA. 'Tis no story, I assure you, dear papa. I was afraid to ask you then, and yet determined not to disobey your orders. I was notwithstanding in despair, because I knew the widow's two poor children wanted bread, which they were often crying for, and I had none to give them. This, believe me, made me cry myself; when, all at once, a thought one evening came into my head, that I might lay my money out in playthings, which was not forbid me, and next day return them at a trifling loss. I made a bargain at the toy-shop for this purpose; and the master of it, that I made acquainted with my scheme, agreed to give me ten-pence out

of every shilling. This, you mentioned just this moment, Mr. Bridport told you, and I make no doubt, if he had not been interrupted, you would then have known the rest——

Mr. SEYMOUR. The rest? and pray what is the rest?

ANNA. Why, dear papa, I laid out my allowance every Saturday, which was a shilling, and on Monday morning, on returning what I had before-hand bought, received back ten-pence, which I ran with to the widow's, never telling her, however, who I was. I thought I might do so, and yet not disobey your will; as what I gave the widow were my toys, and not the money you had let me have.

Miss SEYMOUR (*to her father, who looks at her.*) My sister, I can tell you, Sir, says nothing but the truth: from information I received from Frances, I can say thus much. How glad it makes me, that my dear, dear little Anna is thus justified; for Frances, sir, not half an hour ago, informed me that the widow told her a young lady every Monday morning has been used to come with ten-pence in her hand, and give them her poor children; and from Frances's description, this young lady was about my sister's age.

Mr. SEYMOUR. Can it be possible?

MADEMOISELLE. Yes, sir; for Frances told me likewise what Miss Seymour has been saying.

Mr.

MR. SEYMOUR. Sell her toys, that she might not be disobedient, and then carry every farthing of the money to the widow's! Dear good child! And have we all then in the house, imagined you unfeeling, to be thus convinced at last of your compassion? How could I come in just now in such a passion with you as I did?

ANNA. And are you not then angry in the least I went so far as to return my toys? I was afraid you would find fault with me for venturing to do even that.

MR. SEYMOUR. Find fault with you, my dear sweet little angel, when your generosity has been so great. Kiss, kiss me heartily. I will reward you for your goodness. Your behaviour gives me no less pleasure than your sister's does.

ANNA. There, Kitty: for the time to come, I hope you will not rate me as you did just now, for getting rid of all my playthings.

MISS SEYMOUR. No, indeed, I will not, my dear Anna: there was no necessity, however, you should take that way of raising money for the widow. Was there, sir?

MR. SEYMOUR. No, Anna; for you quite misunderstood my meaning, when I told you not to part with any thing that I or any of your friends might give you. What I meant by any thing was—was, was—in short, was every thing but money. That,

dear Anna, as you know, is given children to be spent ; and if they are permitted to buy play-things with it, sure they cannot be found fault with for disposing of it in the way of charity. But your mistake, my angel, is a lovely one ; and that you may no more be under the necessity of buying toys and selling them again to give your widow, here is a new guinea for you, and in future your allowance shall be doubled : you have made so good a use already of your weekly shilling. Come, no answer ; for the dinner, I believe, by this is ready. After dinner, we will talk this matter over at our leisure.

DEATH TO VIRTUOUS MEN
THE GATE OF LIFE.

A

D R A M A,

I N

T H R E E A C T S.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. and Mrs. FELIX,

FELIX, *their son.*

Mr. HARVEY, *a clergyman.*

Mr. BARTON, *a decayed merchant.*

HENRIETTA, *his daughter.*

JOSEPH, *a servant in the family.*

DEATH TO VIRTUOUS MEN
THE GATE OF LIFE.

A C T I.

SCENE, *A sick apartment, with a bed therein,
the curtains being drawn.*

Mrs. FELIX and Mr. HARVEY.

Mr. HARVEY (*entering, and addressing Mrs.
Felix in a whisper.*)

WELL, madam, is there any hope?

Mrs. FELIX (*whispering likewise.*) Ah,
Sir, he is in a sort of sleep indeed; but I
have cause to fear this day will be his last.

Mr. HARVEY. Why so, my dear good
Madam? You remember he was much fa-
tigated this morning, and although exhausted
now, may happily recover.

Mrs. FELIX. God almighty grant it;
for you find me, reverend sir, additionally
grieved by reason of a letter just received
from London. It respects my son. I know
not whether with propriety I should or should
not

not let my husband see it in his present situation. Come this way a little, my good Sir, and read it: you will then discover what occasions my affliction.

Mr. HARVEY (*reading.*) “Dearest Sister, “In your present sorrow, you will very likely “think I should have spared you the distress I “am about to cause; but I must tell you that “your son, as I have learned, is now in London, and is fallen in love with a young woman, whom he means to marry when his father is no more. He is upon the point of “setting out for Chelmsford; but will not inform you, I imagine, of his situation, which “I thought it was my duty as a brother to apprise “you of, that your discretion might know what “to do on the occasion. I am, dearest Sister, “your’s, &c.”—To be sure, this letter is in some degree alarming; but I do not think the case quite irremediable. Felix is a worthy youth; and you are happily informed of the affair in time to bring him to his reason.

Mrs. FELIX. But, my friend, what measures can I have recourse to in his father’s present situation? Shall I tell him what has happened; and when most of all he stands in need of comfort, give him fresh affliction?

Mr. HARVEY. Mr. Felix still is in his senses; and I think you ought to let him know of this event. His fatherly authority can only finish with his life. To which add likewise,

likewise, what great risque you run by taking thing upon yourself.

Mrs. FELIX. You would advise me then to make him privy to this letter?

Mr. HARVEY. Yes, indeed. A father in his situation speaks persuasively; and how unhappy would not the idea make you, that by having kept the affair a secret, Felix, after his good father's death, should really conclude this marriage.

Mrs. FELIX. I perceive the weight of your advice; but will my son forgive me, if I make his father privy to the imprudence he is meditating? He will possibly detest me for it. Ah, dear sir, was ever wife or mother in so sad a situation?

Mr. HARVEY. I must own, your fears have some foundation; and have thought upon a method to remove them. Let me tell your worthy husband this afflicting secret, as if no one but myself had heard of it. Thus you will not be looked on as contributing to those reproofs your son will be received with from the best of fathers.

Mrs. FELIX. Your idea is a charming one; and I persuade myself will serve my purpose excellently. This at least I may be sure of, that by such a manner of proceeding, I shall save the affection of my son.

Mr. HARVEY. I hear your husband: he is waking.

Mrs. FELIX. Yes; indeed I hear him.

(Draws

96 DEATH TO VIRTUOUS MEN

(*Draws nigh the bed with Mr. Harvey.*) Well, my dear, how is it with you?

Mr. FELIX (*drawing back the curtains.*) Something better.—Ah! my good friend Harvey, I am glad to see you, having something I would mention. Mrs. Felix, you will leave us to ourselves a minute.

Mrs. FELIX. Yes, my dear.

Mr. HARVEY (*aside to Mrs. Felix.*) This is a fit opportunity for speaking to him: be assured I will do all I can. (*After she is gone out.*) Methinks you are in some degree recovered, and may hope——

Mr. FELIX. Alas! I do what I am able to keep up my poor wife's spirits, by informing her I am in some degree recovered; but, my dear, dear Harvey, be not you deceived; for death is' busy now within me, and I feel I shall expire before the evening.

Mr. HARVEY. You feel this alas; but the Almighty's will be done, who gives you strength of mind sufficient to support the agonies of death.

Mr. FELIX. The agonies of death! Why call them so? for is not death a harbour from the storms of life? Is it not in reality the hope and expectation of our nature, and a remedy for every ill?

Mr. HARVEY. How you rejoice me, my good sir! I came to comfort you; but am myself instructed.

Mr. FELIX. The idea of approaching death

death does not dismay me. What inestimable grace does not the Almighty grant me, since at no time have I been so thoroughly persuaded, and so much at ease upon the subject of my soul's existence, as I am at present. Death destroys the body only : it releases our immortal spirit that takes wing for glory.

Mr. HARVEY. There is nothing I need add to such sublime ideas ; and I learn from you, sir, how men ought to die. Give scope to this religious scorn of death ; for God alone could have bestowed it on you, as the recompence of those good works you have been constantly employed in.

Mr. FELIX. I have nothing of an earthly nature now to settle, but a distribution of some portion of that worldly substance God has blessed me with, among my poor but worthy neighbours. I am sensible, dear sir, of your compassion for the indigent residing round about you in your parish.

Mr. HARVEY. That compassion is my duty.

Mr. FELIX. I have named you my trustee, with others, for distributing a yearly pension to twelve needy families, of which the choice is vested in yourself.

Mr. HARVEY. Ah, Sir, if they must lose you, what will not their sorrow be ! There is not round about your dwelling a poor villager but what sincerely loves you as his father.

98 DEATH TO VIRTUOUS MEN

Mr. FELIX. If they love me, let them really rejoice at the idea of that future happiness I trust I am reserved for, and the present pleasure I enjoy, in being able to bequeath them each a trifling sum, for which they may remember me when I am gone.

Mr. HARVEY. To crown your good intentions, why have I no joyful tidings to communicate? Why, on the other hand, must I distress your mind with information of a circumstance that will no doubt afflict you; but of which you only have it in your power to turn aside the danger?

Mr. FELIX. Of a circumstance that will afflict me? Ah, my friend and pastor, be assured that the afflictions God shall send me, I will look upon as blessings. Speak then: what has happened?

Mr. HARVEY. I have learned this morning, from undoubted information, that your son is on the point of marrying in London a young woman, who has neither birth or fortune; and perhaps, at present, he is only waiting the unhappy moment when the will of providence shall free him from your fatherly authority.

Mr. FELIX. What? he? my son? who never yet departed from the line of filial duty? Can he possibly have meditated such a violation of it? And at what a moment too! Can he have wished my death? Oh, God!
if

if thou decreest me such a sorrow, give me strength to bear it.

Mr. HARVEY. I have no one doubt, however, but your good advice will bring him back to that obedience he has always paid you.

Mr. FELIX. Does his mother know it?

Mr. HARVEY. Yes; I was discoursing with her on the subject just before she left the apartment.

Mr. FELIX. Let her come; we will consult about it.

Mr. HARVEY. I will send her to you, as I go down stairs; for I must visit a poor man, who lies in your condition, but wants much your resignation.

Mr. FELIX. Go then, my good sir, but let your absence be as short as the performance of your duty will allow of. (*After the clergyman is gone out.*) Who wants much my resignation! He is greatly to be pitied, if his conscience rises up against him, and he thinks that moment an unhappy one when his immortal soul should really begin to live. (*To Mrs. Felix, coming in.*) My dear, where think you George can be, that he is not yet come from London?

Mrs. FELIX. He promised he would visit us by dinner time, and 'tis not yet quite that.

Mr. FELIX. I understand you have been told by Mr. Harvey of an ugly circumstance concerning him.

100 DEATH TO VIRTUOUS MEN

Mrs. FELIX. Yes, scarce a quarter of an hour ago: and I am grieved at the idea that he gives you now, and for the first time in his life, this great affliction.

Mr. FELIX. In my present state, dear wife, nothing can cause me that severe affliction you imagine: and in this affair, I can rely upon the goodness of his heart. He must be heard before we judge him; and if then found guilty, all the punishment I have for his offence is to convince him of the sorrow it would give me were I less submissive to God's will.

Mrs. FELIX. But do you think, my dear, so mild a method will suffice to bring him back to reason and his duty?

Mr. FELIX. Can I treat my son severely at a time when I myself solicit mercy from my heavenly father? If he has good reason to alledge for his proceeding, I shall then have acted properly in speaking mildly to him: but if not, he will be much more sensible of his misconduct by observing my paternal disposition towards him, than by any opposite behaviour on my part.

Mrs. FELIX. Ah, here he is.

FELIX *enters.*

Mr. FELIX. Well, dearest boy, you are returned to find me living; but I know not for how little time.

FELIX Ah, father! would to God you were restored by virtue of my prayers; for
never

never did I offer up more ardent supplications than on this occasion.

Mr. FELIX. I believe so.—Have you settled with my correspondent.

FELIX. Yes, Sir, and have brought you the receipt you wanted.

Mr. FELIX. Put it in the book-case;—and come near me, son, that I may give you some instructions, which, if you attend to them, will teach you how you may resign this life without repining, when your time is come. No tears, however, my good Felix; but conceive, that if, in dying, I were not established in my faith, you would too surely make me doubt of the felicity awaiting me, and discompose the pleasure I receive from the idea of so quickly losing all the miseries of life, of which old age makes me experience, as I do the weight.

FELIX. Ah, father, why is not your strength of mind infused into my soul, that I may contemplate on your approaching dissolution, and not weep the circumstance of losing you?

Mr. FELIX. If you were taken up with thoughts of heaven, as I am, your afflictions would soon terminate; and you would share my joy. Your reason would in such case be superior to your nature.

FELIX. And it is so. How then can I think of being joyful at a time distressful like the present, being, as I am, upon the

102 DEATH TO VIRTUOUS MEN

point of losing the best father, and the tenderest friend?

Mr. FELIX. Yes, Felix, you will lose undoubtedly in me, that father and that friend; but it will scarcely be sufficient that you say thus much. Your conduct should corroborate your notions. Have you, let me ask, done nothing that will give me room to think you do not look upon me as the best of fathers, and the tenderest of friends?

FELIX. I, father!

Mr. FELIX. Yes, dear Felix, you. Be sure, a time will come when, if at present you speak falsely, you will certainly reproach yourself for having uttered an untruth beside your father's death-bed, when the God of truth speaks to you as it were through my weak organs: hear him therefore, and lay up my exhortations in your heart, or fear that after I am dead and gone, an everlasting sorrow and remorse——

FELIX. Ah, Sir.—I throw myself before you, and before my mother too; for I acknowledge, I am guilty towards you both. You have been told, I see, my error; but that error I persuade myself is not unpardonable, and the object that has caused it certainly would justify me in your mind if you but knew her.

Mr. FELIX. Would she justify your making the affair a secret both to me and your dear mother? Would she justify you for the circumstance perhaps of hoping to obtain a
satisfaction

satisfaction which my death alone can further? Ah, my dear dear boy, if you can really excuse your conduct, do it; but if penitence alone is your resource, blush not at the idea; for on my part, I have pardoned you already in my heart.

FELIX. I own then I am guilty; and, as such, implore that pardon your affection offers me before-hand. Condescend, sir, to forget that I have let another tell you what myself should have informed you of before.

Mr. FELIX. I will forget it, and hear every thing you have to say.

FELIX. 'Tis now two months ago, when to adjust some articles in the account between your correspondent and yourself, he sent me to an ancient gentleman with whom you formerly did business. I informed you of it, at the time I was upon my journey to him, who, on my arrival at his house, I saw was overwhelmed with years and sorrow.

Mr. FELIX. Yes, you told me too his name; but I remember I was much surprised, and could not recollect him.

FELIX. But I did not tell you I became acquainted with a beautiful young girl beneath his roof. This girl, who was his daughter, occupied herself intirely in attending on her poor infirm old father. Never was there more exterior grace, or inward virtue, than in that young woman. I had frequent opportunity of being with her, while
adjusting

adjusting my accounts; and in the end I told her of the love with which she had inspired me. Henrietta, (*Henrietta was her name*) who had been taught to pay obedience to her father, told him of my passion; when, as civilly as he was able, he desired I would not make another visit at his house.

Mr. FELIX, You merited such treatment.

FELIX. Yes; and therefore I received it with a resolution of submitting to his order; but to justify my conduct, let him know, by letter, my design had been to ask his daughter's hand in lawful marriage. He replied by letter likewise, that he knew I was of wealthy parents, and too young to chuse a wife myself; on which account, he said, I should do very well if I forgot his daughter wholly, and were never seen again beneath his roof. With this last article I have entirely acquiesced, and made no new attempt to see the object of my love: and yet the hope of being happy at some future period with my Henrietta, rests within me; and I verily imagine I should die with sorrow, were I forced to give up the idea of her.

Mr. FELIX. You might probably have saved yourself all this uneasiness, if, after your first interview, you had informed me of it. I might then have gone to London, and enquired into the father's character and hers. Though he has been unfortunate, in my idea such a circumstance would not have been an
obstacle

obstacle to your alliance with him, through his daughter ; and if she had virtue, though no other portion, that I should have thought sufficient for us all. In short, I should have saved you the disgrace of seeming a seducer in the estimation of the father, and you would not have been looked on as a son, abandoned to his passions ; who, in opposition to the law of nature, filial love, and fatherly authority, without consulting us, determines to be married.

FELIX. Show me not my faults. I feel them, my good father, more than you imagine ; and the sorrow I experience from my unsuccessful love, is nothing in comparison of that which overcomes me at the thought of having failed in what I knew, even then, was in reality my duty to the best of parents. And in what a situation too !—oh heaven !

Mr. FELIX. Be comforted—for I forgive you every thing on such expression of your sorrow.

Mrs. FELIX. And, in future, think not of this Henrietta, who was never meant by Providence to be your wife. Promise us this.

FELIX. What ! promise I will never think of Henrietta ? I will never take a single step again to see her, and even shun such opportunities as possibly might offer for that purpose ; but dear mother, never, if I would, can I forget her. If I were to promise that,
I should,

106 DEATH TO VIRTUOUS MEN

I should, in the event, do nothing but deceive you.

Mr. FELIX. You imagine so: hope more from time and reason. But your mother was expecting you these twenty minutes, and the dinner must by this be ready. Go down both, I beg you; and provided you regard my peace of mind in any manner, be not more alarmed on my account than I myself am. Go, and send the servant up, while I compose myself, and see if I can read a little.

(Mrs. Felix and her son withdraw; and some few minutes after, Joseph enters softly, and sits down upon a chair.)

A C T II.

SCENE continues.

Mrs. FELIX *(entering with her SON, to Joseph)*

WELL, Joseph?

JOSEPH *(with a whisper)* Every thing is well: my master has not stirred. I fancy he is fast asleep.

Mr. FELIX. *(opening the curtain)* No, Joseph. I am notwithstanding easy, since the hour of my departure is now coming on apace.

pace. Believe me, children, and I give you all that tender appellation, death is only terrible to guilt, that lends it such a frightful masque; but thanks be to God's providence, that I have made my peace with death.

Mrs. FELIX. Alas! though I rejoice at your tranquillity, I cannot but lament the loss of one who has so long been my companion. *(To her son)* But go Felix, and let some one run and ask why we have not yet seen the Doctor. Joseph, stay you here; you may be wanted. *(Felix goes out.)*

Mr. FELIX. Ah my dear, his art is useless: death will be my only doctor. *(a knock without.)*

Mrs. FELIX. Joseph, see who knocks.—*(Joseph goes to the door.)*

Mr. FELIX. And God, who gave me life, that in eternity I might be happy, calls me to that land which is unknown; and which, through his abundant grace, I am prepared for.

JOSEPH. *(returning)* Madam, there are just alighted at the door, an ancient gentleman, together with his daughter, who desire, if possible, to have a little conversation with my master.

Mrs. FELIX. Run and let him know, that in your master's present situation, he can speak to no one.

Mr. FELIX. But, my dear, why so? Perhaps they are unhappy, and want succour.
Can

108 DEATH TO VIRTUOUS MEN

Can they take a better time to interest me in their favour, than the moment when myself solicit the Almighty's goodness? No; and they are come before I die, to give me one more opportunity of doing good.

Mrs. FELIX. Since you will have it so, let them come up. Go Joseph. (*When he is gone.*) After the fatigue you have been suffering all the morning, I am fearful this new visit will exhaust you.

Mr. FELIX. It might do so, but for a precaution which I mean to take on the occasion. I will draw the curtains while you hear these people's business with me, and not speak unless it should be needful.

Mrs. FELIX. That will be of benefit.—Lie down, for here they come. (*She draws the curtain, and addresses Barton and his daughter coming in.*) Sit down, sir; and pray, madam, take a chair.

BARTON. Ah, madam, pardon me. This visit may appear to you unreasonable; but in Mr. Felix' situation it was utterly impossible I should decline it. You shall judge yourself when you have heard my story.

Mrs. FELIX. I will hear it, sir, with all my heart: but sit down both before you enter on it.

BARTON. Madam—You must know I am a person who was formerly in business as a merchant; but misfortunes ruined me. I sacrificed the small remainder of my substance

to

to establish my two boys, who have been both unable, through their bad success, to help me. I have only left me now this daughter, who is all my consolation, since she makes it her whole study to support and comfort my old age.

The DAUGHTER. Ah, father, what have I to boast, but the performance of my duty?

BARTON. For these ten years past, we have subsisted on the yearly sum of fifty guineas, paid us every quarter, by the bounty of a gentleman, till yesterday unknown:—till yesterday I say, when I received the last twelve guineas and a half, and was informed by him that paid me, who seemed interested in my situation, that in all appearance I should lose my benefactor, very shortly, in the person of your husband, Mr. Felix, whom 'till then I did not know. Judge therefore, madam, what must then have been my sorrow? I am not come here from mercenary motives; but to shew my gratitude for such a favour done me these ten years and upwards. Why may I not give him the remainder of my feeble years, now when I come to thank him for his benefits. We were both school-fellows, and even then your husband was my best and almost only friend. When we came out in the world, we lost each other. He was told, no doubt, of my misfortunes, and remembered me. He hid himself while he was doing me such good; but since at this

12 K afflicting

110 DEATH TO VIRTUOUS MEN

afflicting period I have been so happy as to know my benefactor, tell him, madam, I beseech you, for my satisfaction, what effect his goodness has upon me.

MR. FELIX (*throwing back his curtain.*) He knows that already, my dear Barton. Come, and mix your tears of gratitude with those of joy I am at present shedding. Oh! what pure enjoyment this, that when God calls me to himself, I can enjoy the opportunity of seeing and embracing the unhappy man I have assisted!

BARTON (*approaching the bed, and stooping down.*) Ah, my good, dear sir, my friend and benefactor, why may not my soul keep company with yours, to that eternity of happiness you are thus hastening to?

MR. FELIX. The situation I am in, exempts me from the charge of speaking an untruth; and therefore, be assured, I am rejoiced that he whom I employed to pay you has revealed the secret of your benefactor's name. His blameless indiscretion has procured me the great pleasure I am now enjoying; and my satisfaction is above the benefit I have bestowed, even when I tell you, in my will I have continued you your fifty guineas yearly.

BARTON. What unprecedented generosity! but this was not the thing I came for. Why am I decreed to mingle with my joy the fear of losing such a charitable friend?

Mr.

Mr. FELIX. You do not lose me. I shall always live, I know it, in your memory. I am no stranger to your virtue; and if virtuous minds are separated in this state of being, they were made to reunite in that eternal habitation whither I am going now, a little while before you; for the time must of necessity be very short. Dear wife, I recommend to your attention this respectable old man, together with his daughter; let them want for nothing, while it suits them to stay here our guests. Conduct them to a room, where they may rest themselves. (*To Barton and his daughter.*) Or you may take a walk, if you had rather, in the garden. Go; the sight of one in my condition is too painful for you.

BARTON. Ah, sir, in whatever corner of the world I may reside, my heart will every where retain the impression of your goodness.

Mrs. FELIX. Come, my friends, this way. (*They go out.*)

Mr. FELIX (*alone.*) What added satisfaction this of having underneath my roof at such a moment, as the present, that good man I have been made the instrument of aiding and supporting. Providence, methinks, delights in giving me new joy and pleasure at the final period of my life, as if it were designed to tell me by a sort of miracle that I am passing from the happiness of having

112 DEATH TO VIRTUOUS MEN

done another good, to that of being instantly rewarded for it.

FELIX (*coming in.*) I have been to the physician, who was out; but they will send him here as soon as he comes in.

Mr. FELIX. My dear, dear son, I have no need of his prescriptions. The physician of men's souls is with me, and his remedies are sure to do me good. Let then your mother thank him when he comes, and say I am obliged to his attention, but will trouble him no more.

FELIX. Enough, sir.—You shall be obeyed; and yet——

Mr. FELIX. No more on such a subject, Felix.—Did you meet an aged man, together with his daughter, as you came up stairs?

FELIX. No, sir. I saw, however, two such people through the window: they were walking in the garden.

Mr. FELIX. Well then, as you value me, respect them; and particularly the old man, for he has been the means of my relieving virtue, by assisting him in poverty. Your mother knows what I have done in his behalf, and you shall do the same when you have lost me.

FELIX. Your commands, dear sir, have always been, and still are so respectable, that I shall have no other merit in obeying them, than that of doing what is in reality my duty.

Mr.

Mr. FELIX. I have made it all my study, since your infancy, to point you out the path of virtue. Make it then your future study to pursue it, for your own felicity; since virtue only gives that happiness which can be worthy of man's nature.

FELIX. This sound truth, thanks, sir, to the inestimable education you have given me, I have been more than once convinced of, in the circumstances of my life, though I am yet so young.

FELIX. Well then, if ever sorrow or uneasiness in future should depress your spirits, be assured the world has nothing but bad comforters for any one in such a situation; and have you recourse to others. Fix your contemplation upon God; chain down some passion; do some generous action; teach the ignorant, or bring back once again the smile of joy on lips, you may be told, adversity has visited.

FELIX. Why may not you, sir, be the future witness of that wish I have to follow your instructions?

Mr. FELIX. Soon, dear Felix, will you close my eyes: but let not such a sad necessity too much distress you. I, on my part, have no sorrow lying heavy on me; and not only that, but no concern—excepting one, indeed, on your account; for I could wish to leave you joined indissolubly to some worthy woman capable of cherishing within your

114 DEATH TO VIRTUOUS MEN

heart that happy disposition I can safely say I leave you in. I fear, that in the choice of a companion, you will be deceived by interested people, if you do not first of all deceive yourself.

FELIX. If my good fortune, sir, did but reserve me at some future time for that young woman I made mention of scarce half an hour ago, you would have nothing in that case to fear.

Mr. FELIX. Perhaps so. I can only judge of her deserts by your recital; and young people, at your time of life, are so susceptible of prejudice! But the idea of your Henrietta opens, I may say, my eyes. Methinks, she speaks to me for that young woman who is here at present with her father. Like that Henrietta, she is fortuneless, but rich in virtue. Possibly, God's providence has sent her hither for your happiness and mine. She comes of worthy parentage; she is the daughter of my ancient friend. As I have said already, he is poor; but you are rich enough to need no fortune in the wife you marry, but her virtue. See then this young woman quickly, Felix; and inform me, what impressions her appearance makes upon you.

FELIX. Since you order me, I will; but can before-hand tell you, sir, she will make none. She is not Henrietta; and I am not so far master of my heart, as to dispose there-
of

of to any woman till no longer I have any hope of her.

Mrs. FELIX. (*coming in*) I have been taking care of our two guests: they wanted some refreshment, and are now at dinner.

Mr. FELIX. Go and keep them company, forgetting not what I have told you. (*After Felix is gone out*) Well, my dear, did not poor Barton's gratitude affect you?

Mrs. FELIX. By his conversation, one may judge (at least I thought as much while he was speaking) his respectability of character.

Mr. FELIX. Then too, his daughter?

Mrs. FELIX. She too is no less respectable: her modesty, the meekness of her character, and that solicitude she evidences for the good old man, all charmed me.

Mr. FELIX. Ah! if heaven but shows her to our Felix, as you represent her, he would soon forget that Henrietta he is still so full of, while myself should die much happier.

Mrs. FELIX. How my dear?

Mr. FELIX. The man who, notwithstanding he may be resigned to what his maker pleases, always finds within his heart some wishes of an earthly nature, at the very moment he is called to quit it. If these wishes are not for himself, they are for those he leaves behind him, and whose happiness he wishes. I am losing Felix, who as yet is single, and must lose him in the fear that an improper choice may make him miserable.

How

116 DEATH TO VIRTUOUS MEN

How much satisfaction then, dear wife, would it not give me, if upon the margin of the grave, I could but see him join his fortunes to some worthy woman, and hear both, before they close my eyelids, tell me they are happy. God, I make no doubt, inspires me with this final wish, that I may be convinced man's duty, while he lives, can never be entirely accomplished, and that he alone can give that plenitude of happiness which is unknown till we have passed the grave.

Mrs. FELIX. Your wish proclaims what you have always been; a tender father. And indeed, if Felix were but to consider Barton's daughter, in the light she merits, notwithstanding her defect of fortune, it might be a great enjoyment for you to preside in some sort at their marriage.

Mr. FELIX. Her defect of fortune would add greatly to the pleasure I should feel in calling her my daughter. I should save her, by so doing, from the rocks which virtue in distress so often splits on, and make Felix happy likewise. But I please myself by thinking of impossibilities. He has explained himself while you were absent; and this Henrietta——

FELIX (*entering hastily*) Father! mother! all my happiness is in your hands! 'Tis Henrietta! she herself!

Mr. FELIX. What mean you?

FELIX.

FELIX. Mr. Barton's daughter is that Henrietta that I told you I should never while I lived forget; and Mr. Barton is the person to whose house I went, and where I saw her. Barton is his real name; he told me just this moment, that the name I knew him by was an assumed one, to conceal him from the persecutions of a creditor who would have thrown him into prison.

Mr. FELIX. Is it possible! What joy does not this information, so entirely unexpected in itself, diffuse within my soul? My life receives new vigour as it were, to gratify your wishes and my own. The purest earthly pleasures are at present reunited in my soul, with those cœlestial joys of which already it enjoys a foretaste.

FELIX (*overcome with joy*) Yes, dear father, and see where they are, both coming to attest the truth of what I have been saying.

BARTON (*entering with his daughter Henrietta*) You have doubtless, sir, been told just now of what has passed between your son this moment and my daughter; and by what strange accident he came to know us?

Mr. FELIX. Yes, dear Barton, I know all.

BARTON. Well, sir, if you have any notion of my honesty, do not imagine I have any ways endeavoured, either by myself or Henrietta, to deprive you of the right you have a claim to over your own son, in the affair of wedlock. Henrietta is quite fortuneless,

118 DEATH TO VIRTUOUS MEN

less, and was not meant by heaven for him. On which account, about a month since, I forbade him coming to my house, before I knew he was my benefactor's son. Judge then, how I am like in future to oppose a passion in him, which from inequality of fortune would seem monstrous now, that I have learnt whose son he is. Assist me, therefore, sir, with your authority to counteract this inclination in him; and on my part, I will answer to you for the conduct of my daughter.

MR. FELIX. Counteract this inclination! No, my good friend, Barton; on the other hand, let me invite you to agree, as I do, to the happiness of these two children. It will constitute both yours and mine. Yes, virtuous Henrietta, be my daughter.

BARTON. What, sir!—would you condescend—

FELIX. Dear sir,—my gratitude for all your favours,—your indisposition,—my full soul is not sufficiently capacious to contain such joy.

HENRIETTA. Ah, sir!

MR. FELIX. The greatness of my joy occasions such commotion in me, that by dwelling longer on it, I might faint beneath its pressure. Go, dear son, and make the necessary preparations for this union: let a messenger be sent this moment to the Commons
for

for a license. Go; I would be private for a quarter of an hour or so.

Mrs. FELIX. Yes; we will leave you.— This way, my good friends.

Mr. FELIX (*when they are all gone out*) No; after an event so unexpected, I am not permitted to despair of being happy. O my soul, rejoice in thy creator. Let my tongue, my heart, and my whole frame together give him thanks, God can do every thing,—and God is the unfailing friend of man. Let me employ the little life still left me, in his praise, and turn it to my use by meditating upon death. Such meditation is the only way of living, and expiring too in peace.

(*He draws the curtain to, and Joseph, who has entered in the course of this last speech, goes to and fro between the close of this, and the beginning of the following Act.*)

A C T III.

JOSEPH (*drawing near the bed, and having in his hand a glass of whey.*)

FORGIVE me, my dear master; but tis now so long since you have taken any thing, you must want some refreshment. Pray then, drink a little whey.

Mr.

Mr. FELIX. Yes, Joseph, my good Joseph;—but—support me while I drink it.—Has my son sent off to London for the papers wanted, previous to his marriage?

JOSEPH. Yes, sir. The postillion is set out; and my young master is as happy as your melancholy state will let him be.

Mr. FELIX. My melancholy state!—I understand you. To my wife and him, the moment of my joy and triumph will be nothing but a day of sorrow. Joseph, my dear Joseph, be you firmer than they both. Rejoice with me; for I shall soon be happy.

JOSEPH. Yes; I think as you do, sir; and say so every moment to myself, that I may seem what you would wish we all were. Notwithstanding which,—I know not how it happens, but—*(he weeps)*

Mr. FELIX. Assuage your tears, I beg you; and hear what I have to tell you. Joseph, you were born a man, and by that right at least should have been free: but life has been a scene of servitude to you. Your age is a sufficient indication that you cannot be far distant from that port I am upon the point of casting anchor in. It is my wish, at least, that you be free at your arrival in it; and my will secures you an annuity of thirty pounds, upon condition you serve no one for the time to come. Devote the remnant of your days to virtue. Seek not, my good friend, however to engross a greater praise for piety,

piety than man can be entitled to ; but let it be your boast that you know God, and serve him in the person of his creatures, by endeavouring, upon all occasions, and as far as you are able, to do good. This, Joseph, in reality is serving God : and such a service needs no previous knowledge. This is in the power of all men to perform. What reason have the virtuous then to boast ? None, Joseph : yield not therefore to the best in virtue. Take, in short, the nearest road to God ; but, in the interim, be humble ; and while others boast of knowing God, be it the study of your soul to love him. Humble love will soar aloft, my Joseph, while proud reason must remain below. Reason will be a weight to sink that man, who trusts thereto, in the abyss, while love shall bear him forward to the gate of heaven.

JOSEPH. My gratitude—and grief—oh ! my good master ! if—I cannot speak!—and have no answer but my tears.

Mr. FELIX. They speak sufficiently ; but we are interrupted. (*To Felix coming in with Mrs. Felix, Barton, and his daughter.*) Well, is every preparation making for this marriage ?

FELIX. Yes, dear father ; and my happiness will soon be perfect, if God's providence renews your life to be the witness of it.

HENRIETTA. Ah, sir, what do I not owe you ?

122 DEATH TO VIRTUOUS MEN

MR. FELIX. I enjoy your happiness, beholding you united in the bands of love and virtue: but, dear Felix, a much greater happiness invites your father. I could wish, you knew the difference; but, at present, you must be without this knowledge. Time, I trust, when you are lying on your death-bed, will come fully fraught therewith. For my part, I am perfectly content. This happy union, which God's providence methinks has brought about for my particular repose and comfort in the hour of my departure, is a species of assurance that with one hand he conducts me to the tomb, while with the other he bestrews the way with flowers. This day will be my last. I feel it, my good friends. Weep not, dear partner of my life, but on the other hand take comfort; for excepting that distress your sorrow causes me, God's goodness never made me happier than I am this moment. I could wish the clergyman were with me.

Mrs. FELIX. Fortunately, he left word where I might find him, upon sending. Joseph, run to that white house upon the common. He is there. (*Joseph goes out.*)

MR. FELIX. Till he appears, when I shall wish to be alone, let me employ the intervening moments in conjuring you to recollect that I am going to a place where I am sure of happiness; and therefore, that your sorrow is ill-timed. Reflect a little, that at present

present even, I am in a happier situation than you all. Lament not then my destination; but let reason get the better of your nature, and destroy all foolish prejudice within you; and no longer will you think my death should cause my family uneasiness. Oh! you, that with my dying breath I say I love; and you too that I leave exposed to all the evils that environ life, it would become me rather to compassionate your lot, than you to weep for mine.

Mr. HARVEY (*entering with Joseph, and speaking in a whisper to Mrs. Felix.*) Well, madam; I was coming when your servant met me.

Mrs. FELIX. I rejoice at your arrival: Mr. Felix needs your presence. I will tell him you are come. (*Approaching the bed.*) My dear, here is our reverend friend. We will retire and leave you.

Mr. FELIX. Mr. Harvey, my good friend, you are the only man on earth I wished to speak with.

Mr. HARVEY. I am wholly at your service. Mrs. Felix, with the company, I take it, will retire. (*Aside to Mrs. Felix.*) Be not uneasy, madam, let me beg, while you are absent; for I will not quit my friend, till you come up again: and if your presence should be needful, I will send to fetch you.

Mrs. FELIX. I rely upon your care. (*She goes out, leaving none but Mr. Harvey, and*

124 DEATH TO VIRTUOUS MEN

the servant Joseph, in the room with Mr. Felix.)

Mr. HARVEY. My dear friend, how is it with you?

Mr. FELIX. Almost at my journey's end: on which account, I wished to have once more a little conversation with you.

Mr. HARVEY. I was coming for that purpose, when your servant met me; and will therefore, till your family return, enjoy the happiness, as I conceive it, of conversing with you.

Mr. FELIX. All the happiness will in reality be mine; for I can feel the hour of my departure is now come. My weakened senses have no longer any strength remaining to sustain my understanding: and with joy, I find, that by God's special blessing, granted me on such a trying moment as the present, my internal strength increases, in proportion as my outward man decays.

Mr. HARVEY. This blessing is your due; for you have always fixed your meditation upon objects far beyond the horizon of sense. Submissive in your hope, and with a fearless eye contemplating futurity, your resignation now completes God's work, so long ago begun within you.

Mr. FELIX. Oh, my dearest Harvey, did you only know with how much heart-felt satisfaction I reflect upon the past, you would not wonder I am now so happy. In these
awful

awful moments, when the strength of prayer transports me as it were into God's presence, and a silence reigns all round me as profound as if I were already in my grave.—In such an awful situation, meditating on my soul, I rivet my reflections on the single object worthy my attention, and methinks my body lives no longer; but that I am soul all over. Oh! what proof, my dear good pastor, of its immortality!

MR. HARVEY. What proof, indeed! I shall respectfully preserve in my remembrance your sublime reflections, for the comfort of such people in your situation as I go to daily. Much the greater number are dejected and annihilated by their terrors and remorse. On such a day, when they must combat, the most virtuous even frequently turn pale.

MR. FELIX. Yes; but their fear is only for a moment. They alone can tell their friends collected round them they exist, and they alone can boast of their existence. Yesterday their glorious course was perfect and complete: death then would have been welcome. One more day is added to their life, and they receive it in degree with pleasure. Such is, in reality, the model I desire to imitate in that short space of time still left me.

MR. HARVEY. I admire your fortitude of spirit. You pronounce at such an awful moment as the present that word death, so terri-

126 DEATH TO VIRTUOUS MEN

ying to the common sort of men, attached to this life's nothingness, with a serenity which proves what peace is in your soul.

Mr. FELIX. How long has not that soul been dead, or sleeping here below ! It will however now have nothing mortal it ; but survive for ever. On the eve of this immortal state it is, God proves himself the friend of man, by finishing his pains, and fixing his felicity. Happy the day that dissipates our darkness, and transports us safe into the light of God ! That hope makes joy a duty to the wise. Lift up thy head then, thou, that art a Christian, and be glad ; thy sorrow is an insult to thy master's goodness. Place thy confidence thereon ; and wish for death, as for the only means of life.

Mr. HARVEY. How glorious this idea ! Can mankind, whom the divinity made capable to entertain it, be contented with this little spot of earth, on which they do but languish in a sort of death ? One thought of ours at once runs through the distance between nothingness and God ; and yet, an atom shall be thought enough to satisfy us ! We are meant for immortality, and yet a moment's life shall be sufficient to fill up the vast extent of our desires.

Mr. FELIX. Mankind were formed for an infinity of happiness : this happiness, however, is for none but those whose prospects or desires are great : and every thing, that
in

in itself is vile or little, renders us unhappy, by withdrawing us from virtue, which can never enter a contracted heart; while vice is only a defect of understanding in the mind. O God, from thy eternal habitation condescend to look in mercy on a particle of dust, still animated by thy breath! Forgive me all my sins; forgive me likewise my best virtues, which are only less enormous sins. My eyes, which now are open, will ere long no more behold the sun: let me not close them without fresh assurances vouchsafed me of thy grace; since, in thee only man can find repose; and must to the conclusion persevere in virtue. Oh! my worthy pastor, my last moment is now come, and I am dying: let my wife and son be sent for.

MR. HARVEY. Run, my good friend Joseph, and inform them. (*Joseph hurries out.*)

MR. FELIX (*with a failing voice.*) Oh! my soul, let hope keep up thy joy within thee. On the point of being freed from prison, and delivered from the bondage of the world, thou wilt respire with freedom, give large scope to all thy faculties, and be immortal without fearing future change. (*To his family, now coming in.*) Draw near me, children, every one of you; and you, dear spouse. I have received my summons, and have now no more than a few moments to remain among you. Felix, my dear son, and you that on the border of the grave I see
upon

128 DEATH TO VIRTUOUS MEN

upon the point of being in reality my daughter, and with such a thought within me, die much more resigned to God's good pleasure, by that love that still, as it has ever done, inspires me, by that filial tenderness in both your bosoms, and by every thing that can at such a moment as the present interest the human soul—be virtuous.

FELIX. Ah, dear father!

HENRIETTA. Best of human beings!

Mr. FELIX (*to Mrs. Felix.*) I am now, dear wife, preceding you to happiness: partake then of the joy I feel. Cherish my memory, and love our children.

Mrs. FELIX. What a moment have I lived to see! Oh! heaven, why is it not my last!

Mr. FELIX. I have fulfilled my task. Do you, my son, begin henceforward yours. If heaven should grant you children, think how powerful is example. At this very moment, let your tenderness imagine your own child is on the point, as you are, of receiving a dear father's spirit in his filial bosom. Author, as you will be, of his life, conduct him by the hand to virtue. 'Tis your friend requests this of you, Felix: for your happiness is the last blessing he desires of God, while he has breath to pray.

FELIX. Dear father, I will follow your instructions, by God's blessing, in whose sight we are all now assembled.

Mr.

Mr. FELIX. Barton, frequently think of me, and farewell. Farewell, my worthy pastor. Farewell, my dear wife and son. I die. Oh! father of mankind, receive me to thy mercy, and bless those I leave behind me.——

FELIX. Dear, dear father! He is gone.

Mrs. FELIX. Oh! best of husbands! Can I weep enough for having lost you?

FELIX (*in tears.*) I respected, but still much more loved him; and till now that he is dead, conceived not my whole loss.

BARTON. Let us rejoice: he was our friend, and is for ever happy.

Mr. HARVEY (*drawing near, and looking at the body.*) Oh! most virtuous of mankind, and truly worthy to be now immortal! Sleep in peace. And you, *to Mrs. Felix and the rest.*) that were continually cherished by the bounty of his soul, learn from him how you may both live and die. Approach the bed where he reposes. What do you behold? What but a scene of triumph! The apartment where a good man yields his breath up, opens into heaven. Think frequently of this, and let it teach you there is certainly a God in heaven who recompenses virtue.

T H E

VOLATILE YOUNG MAN;

O R,

EDITOR'S FAREWELL

TO ALL HIS YOUTHFUL FRIENDS.

ZEPHYR, a young gentleman, who, at the time of writing this, we must suppose is nearly fifteen years of age, was born with a surprising memory, an active mind, and quick imagination. Fortune seemed inclined to crown his hopes and expectations by bestowing parents on him, whose unalterable wish it was to cultivate the happy disposition nature had implanted in their son. A wondrous promptitude in gaining the first principles of knowledge, had already very much advanced him, and he burnt with the desire of adding fashionable arts or talents to the progress he had made in useful learning.

Being gone one day to see an intimate of his, he found him occupied in sketching out a head; it was a Roman's, whose strong features, such as his companion had described them,

them, struck him ; in proportion as the work went on, the imagination of our Zephyr was all over in a glow ; the sight of many drawings in the self same style, with which the room was furnished upon every side, compleated Zephyr's business, and possessed him with that species of enthusiasm, Raphael must no doubt, have felt, the first time he put pencil, as the saying is, to paper.

He came running home, and having met his father on the stairs, he flung his arms about the good man's neck, and begged him on the spot to have a drawing-master sent for. Pleased to see such ardour for a useful science in his son, the father instantly complied ; they waited both together on a celebrated artist ; Zephyr wished the master would have taken leave of all his other pupils to instruct him only, all day long ; but as the master could not be prevailed upon to make this sacrifice to Zephyr's wish of learning, he insisted that his lesson should be daily, and each, two hours long. He did not possibly conceive how any one could be averse to spend his life in cultivating what he thought so elegant an art, and one displaying so much genius in the pupil that succeeds therein.

His master was not to attend him till the morrow. I will not take on me to inform you what a multitude of figures he had traced before the evening ; his whole copy-book
was

132 THE VOLATILE YOUNG MAN;

was full of heads, set off in character. You will, no doubt, forgive him, if at first he was not so correct as great practitioners may be supposed. For instance, there was often a great eye, to keep a less one company; his noses sometimes issued from the middle of the forehead; and the ear stood forward, as if listening to the mouth; or this would stretched itself across the roundness of the cheek, to bite the ear. These little faults, however, razed from the account, his sketch had all the merit any one could have expected.

He had got himself a monstrous book to draw in, of the largest paper to be found in London; very soon this book was much too little, for the eyes, ears, arms, and legs, he had sketched out in half a dozen lessons, under the inspection of his master, which amounted only to twelve hours. St. George's Hospital, at Hyde-park corner, might have found therein a very good supply for all the limbs that were deficient to the unhappy patients crowded in it; his impatience, which seemed natural to him, was a little thwarted, we must own, by the monotony of these first studies, which his master rigorously kept him to, till he was certain of his hand; on which account, when he was left alone, he thought to make himself amends for being tied to such a slow paced march, by making all at once, great pictures. As it happened, just
about

about this time, his father had been plaistering the walls belonging to an out-house in his garden, which he white-washed after. On these walls, he thought it would not be amiss to represent the progress of the Roman History, which he had just before been reading; and in fact, a week had hardly gone, when he had traced in chalk a suite of tribune's heads, of consul's busts, of foot dictators, and equestrian emperors. And had he put the name of every figure he had traced, beneath it, and made rather plainer by those means, it is not to be doubted but that any antiquary would have been enabled to compose an interesting history, from every object to be seen in this mock gallery.

Our youth intended likewise, in the self-same kind of style, to draw out the succession of our English kings, and heroes, when one day he found his labour all obliterated by a servant, who pretended that his Henries, Edwards, and particularly, the Black Prince, and Hotspur, scared away the cats, without intimidating any of the mice; this treatment served a little to allay the fire of his propensity, and then too, his dissatisfaction at the distance there was still between him and his friend, whose skill, he thought he should have rivalled, even at the outset, or at furthest after some few lessons, very much discouraged him. He was, at length, afraid

his pencil would go near to soil his fingers, or his knife be blunted, should he cut it; and his master, who at first could scarce abate his ardour, found it now a very difficult affair to make him take his lesson when he came. In vain he told him what astonishing effects had been the consequence of painting, and a thousand interesting anecdotes of famous artists. He once came to give the lesson, bringing with him a young pupil, who was just returned from Rome; and his design in doing so, was this; that the adept might tell the novice in that science they both studied, what a number of the finest pictures he had seen and copied while in Italy; this last, in order to express his admiration, used Italian words as they were readier at his fingers ends, and, as he thought, much more adapted to express his meaning.

These new sounds were hardly heard by Zephyr, but he instantly imagined it would be much more agreeable to speak a living tongue, than be continually drawing heads, which, notwithstanding connoisseurs might think they saw expression in them, could not speak a single word; he ran to tell his father what a deep reflexion he had made: his father was concerned to find him thus give up the acquisition of a pleasing art, and one he had with so much ardour set about obtaining, but would not, however, contradict him in this novel inclination; and the next day

day Zephyr sent away his drawing-master, and agreed with an Italian in his place, to come and teach him.

We must be so just, as to assert of Zephyr, that his progress in this soft and liquid language was as great as his desire to learn it. Every grammar intricacy yielded to his penetration; he would be continually speaking it to every servant in the house, without considering it was no ways likely people in *their* state of life should understand him. He was used to deal in *Vostre Signoras* to the kitchen wench, and would salute the porter by the title of *Cor mio*. The Italian Version of Telemachus began to be no less familiar to him than the English. Looking for some books more difficult, one day, among his father's, as it chanced, he opened a Don Quixote, wrote in Spanish. What, said he, Don Quixote! almost the first book I read in English! Oh, what pleasure I should have in relishing the admirable proverbs of his 'Squire, set off in all the richness of the language they were spoke in! Can old Mentor's grave and solemn admonitions give such pleasure as the witty Sancho's repartees? And can Calypso, when abandoned by Ulysses, notwithstanding all the charms of her enchanted island, interest one half as much as the renowned Dulcinea, for whose sake her lover travelled through the world in quest of kings to conquer. To acquire the Spa-

nish language, which our Zephyr now resolved to do, demanded more than common resolution ; he was every minute of the day compelled to combat unknown words, as poor Don Quixote, or the Knight, as he is called in his adventure, of the Woeful Figure, sheep and windmills ; he derived, however, no less glory than Don Quixote, from his first campaigns. But shall I tell you, friend, before the hero of *la Manche* had issued forth a second time, young Zephyr had entirely forsaken Spanish ground, and got on French ; which quickly after, he renounced to tread the German ; so that, in a twelve month's time, he spoke four living languages ; but then of each so very little, that by rights he should have had an auditory, constituted previously of deputies from those four nations, to interpret for the benefit of one another, what each deputy might have laid hold of piece-meal, as it were, in the undress of his disjointed periods.

Grace in all the manly exercises seems to ornament and heighten mental knowledge ; and the greatest erudition cannot, in the estimation of society, atone for rustic manners, or even awkwardness of action. Zephyr, to his cost, had learned this axiom very lately. There had been a ball upon his birth-day, which a number of young people had been present at ; and in the progress of the evening, notwithstanding all his learning, he had found

found out means to spoil the dances. He wished much to learn how he might figure on the principles peculiar to so elegant an art, but hardly was he shewn one step, but others turned his head ; what he was most a-gog to learn in any single lesson, was precisely what he should not have been taught in that. Incessantly desirous to obtain what he knew nothing of, and discontented with the little he had learned, he was continually passing from idea to idea, and allowed himself no time to settle any duly in his memory. As for example, when his little friends were at cotillons, he would take it now and then into his head that he must make a *chassé* in the *rondes*. A *rigadoon* scarce cost him any trouble, when a *balancé* or *moulinet* should have been made ; and he was far from needing any regulation from the violin to make a *contre temps*. These circumstances could not fail to render him quite insupportable to all the dancers.

To conciliate a little if he could, their favour, he imagined one sure way was to learn music, so that he might join them on the harpsichord, or sing in concert with them. But what instrument would be the properest to begin with ? if his word was to be taken, he would find no difficulty in attacking organ, hautboy, harpsichord, flute, violin, bassoon, &c. all at once. His father did not chuse however, he should make the trial, and allowed him no-

138 THE VOLATILE YOUNG MAN;

thing but the liberty of chusing one. In this uncertainty, he thought at last, it would be prudent in him to take up the violin, and see what he could do. Nor was it till six months were past, that he determined on the flute, when he had just begun to *bow* with some degree of management.

The instability of his ideas, in the interim, and the inconsistency of every inclination in him, grieved his father, though the fondness natural to a parent, made him put these faults down to no other cause, than the inevitable volatility of youth. Intending to advance his judgment, and as speedily as possible mature it by the opportunity of making observations, and acquiring what men call experience, he resolved to send him out, that he might see some part of Europe. Zephyr wished for nothing half so much as changing place. The accounts of travellers had always been his favourite kind of reading; and in thought, he had already travelled over all the countries they had mentioned. The recital I myself on my return from France, had not long since communicated to him, of the flattering reception, which the people of all ranks in Paris gave me, and the letters to my friends, with which I had it in my power to furnish him; in short the ardent vows he had so often heard me breathe, that I might live to see our island, and that nation (now at peace with one another) add to such connection, an alliance still more friendly, so that they might mutually,

as it were, grow rich by an unlimited exchange of their commodities; and, by the full display of all this happiness, as well as by the terror of their arms, force other nations into peace with them and with each other.—This detail, I say, enflaming the enthusiasm which was natural to his bosom, made him eager to begin his travels with that monarchy: and I believe, I scarce need tell you, with what pleasure he beheld the moment come, which had been fixed on for his setting out, attended by a tutor of discretion, and devoted to the interests of the family.

A man should have himself gone through those provinces, that lie between the port of Calais, and the fashionable capital, to find the blessings of that freedom, which is so peculiarly the privilege of England; for this freedom is even evident to any one that superficially considers as he travels, on the aspect of the soil. When Zephyr quitted London, and this journey was the first excursion he had ever made ten miles from the metropolis, the charming views he met with, as he went through Kent, enchanted him! the villages appeared so pretty! and the land so rich in cultivation! and the gardens so delightful! the rapidity so natural to his thoughts could not suffice to take in every object, that together struck him, in this beautiful succession of so many interesting pictures. The exalted prospect of the people's industry and labour, filled
his

his mind with every great sensation, as did likewise the consideration of their happiness. But this no longer seemed the case, when he had crossed the channel, and was going on to Paris: and why so? he was not in the land of freedom; it was just the same too, when he came to Paris; where, instead of wondering at the beauties round about him, he could scarce refrain from recollecting the magnificence and beauty of the buildings that embellish London, the vast multitude of vessels brought together from so many countries, in the noble river it is bathed by, the majestic prospect of the bridges, the rich aspect of the shops, the spacious footpaths, where there is at all times such a concourse of the two most beauteous objects in all nature—charming children, and fine women, elegantly dressed, but not affectedly. These sights, and others like them, were not to be found in Paris. And why so? He was not in the land of freedom.

No great wonder then if, drawing a comparison between the two metropolites, Zephyr, whose inconstancy could not be pleased with real beauties any length of time, was poorly entertained with what he saw in Paris. Not but that in Paris there were many objects worthy admiration. All we mean is, that one capital, when put into the balance with the other, suffered. Zephyr, having satisfied his curiosity with what was really magnificent, experienced languor and satiety. His

tutor

tutor saw it, and proposed that they should visit other parts and places in the kingdom. Zephyr, ravished at the thought, said nothing further than was necessary to intreat he would immediately send out to hire post-horses.

'Tis not my intention to pursue them in their circuit through the realm in which they were at present. It is certainly enough, if I inform my youthful readers, that in France he might have found such objects as were suited to employ his meditation ; but it seemed implanted in his nature never to admire one object that was placed within his reach, or think of any place with pleasure, saving such as he was distant from. His tutor had already laboured, though in vain, to cure him of this restless disposition ; but yet fainted not, though nothing but continual disappointments were the issue of his zeal and friendship. He wrote letters home to England, and got leave to visit Italy ; and thither we must now imagine Zephyr no less anxious to set out, than were the ancient Trojans many ages past.

Excepting Zephyr's passage straight across from Dover to the port of Calais, all his travels had been hither to upon the *terra firma* ; and for two whole months he had been potting it upon dry ground. This reason was sufficient, that at present, he should find no sort of travelling agreeable, except by sea. His tutor, founding on this circumstance some kind of hope, that he should influence his character a little
for

for the better, feigned a perfect approbation of his eagerness to visit Italy ; and they embarked together in a vessel bound to Tuscany.

The vessel having now weighed anchor, Zephyr passed on deck the whole first day, of which he spent the greater part in earnest conversation with the steersman, and filled up the intervals with gazing at the sea, whose waves, but very little agitated, seemed to play about the ship. Upon the morrow, he was still so fond of having dared this voyage, that his courage tolerably well supported him against the first attacks of irksomeness. The third day was not wholly gone, however, when the deep attention, into which the grandeur of the sea had plunged him, and his own enthusiasm totally forsook him. He felt nothing now, excepting the disgust excited by his expedition ; and, with all the wishes of his heart, was anxious to see land. Unhappily, it was as yet too distant ; so that his caprices were not likely to be gratified, so quickly as he wished ; and the caprices of the ocean, somewhat more respectable than his, were what employed the sailors. He was, therefore, under the necessity of having patience ; or to mend the expression, so as to adapt it to his feelings, he was under the necessity of fuming, or of venting his vexation till the vessel reached the port it was consigned to.

Happy witchcraft of imagination, that in hope takes from us every thought of our misfortunes !

fortunes! Zephyr lost all his when he had got on shore. At last he reached it; and was landed now in that fine country men have called the treasure-house of nature, and the arts. When he had rested at Leghorn two days, he set out post for Florence with his tutor. He had previously been told by others, that the celebrated gallery, as painters call it, in that city, had such charms as to prolong the stay of travellers beyond their first intention. He was told of virtuofos it had kept in Florence upwards of a year, and notwithstanding all their daily resolutions to be gone. He was not much surprised to hear of such a conduct at the first slight view of that repository of acknowledged master-pieces. Possibly, he might have himself been no less irresolute, till he had walked from one end of the gallery compleatly to the other, had not the idea of St. Peter's Church at Rome, from which our great cathedral of St. Paul's was modelled, and the Vatican, with its extensive library, while he was in the gallery, and contemplating all its beauties, struck his fancy. These two objects occupied him all day long, by aggrandizing every minute their demenſions in his brain; and therefore, to be properly informed on these two weighty points, at night, he begged his governor that they might go and ascertain their true dimensions on the spot.

144 THE VOLATILE YOUNG MAN;

Let no one tell me of those never to be tired admirers, those eternal virtuosos, in whose thoughts, an age is scarce sufficient to examine any miracle of art or nature. . . Zephyr, after he had spent three days in Rome, was sure, no object worthy of attention had escaped him in the ancient capital of Empire and the World; and had found time, besides, to pack his things up in the nicest order, being bound for Naples, for which place he was quite anxious to set out.

The reader must however take this with him; that it was not from a wish of seeing the peculiar beauties of that city he desired to reach it. He had gone through many famous cities since he first left London; but all those he had till now resided in for half a day at least, were on the level of the earth, while Herculaneum and Pompeii, on the other hand, were under ground; and subteranean cities were the only places that in future could have power to interest him. The fertility of his imagination had already made him place before him, in a thousand different points of view, the terrible event by which they were reduced to such a situation.

When he reached them, judge however what was the young man's astonishment, to find on his descent, that he had been in love with nothing but a heap of ruins: for on every side him, he saw nothing else; whatever beautiful remains, as some say, time has still

preserved within them. Any other traveller would, notwithstanding, have enjoyed some consolation in admiring the fine port at Naples; in comparison of which, there are but few in Europe worthy to be mentioned; but our Zephyr could not see this port, without immediately reflecting upon those of Plymouth, Portsmouth, Chatham, and some others in his native land; and those abroad of Amsterdam, Bourdeaux, and others, whose great distance gave them a superiority in his comparisons. And with respect to that volcano which commands the city, and whose situation is so awful from the circumstance of its continually threatening, as it were, to cover every habitation with the flame and ashes it throws out, pray is it not confessed, said Zephyr, by all travellers, that Mount Etna is more famous than Vesuvius? And did not the fatal consequences of its last eruption, some years' since, excite within him all the different emotions of affright and admiration a volcano is so naturally suited to awake? Thus then, through all the beauteous land of Italy, which Zephyr had so ardently desired to visit, there was now one only city left that could indemnify him for the pains and perils of his tedious journey; and that city was, as any one may easily suppose, the singularly situated Venice, rising from the bottom of so many lakes, with its five hundred bridges, dams, and gondolas. 'Tis true, that

to attain it, Zephyr would be under the necessity of traversing all Italy, and nearly in the line of its direction likewise: but his warm imagination, whose audacity aspired to level every obstacle, was no less useful to him, in curtailing every distance; and he asked for no more time than what was necessary to make up his travelling packet. After that, his tutor was at liberty, as soon as he thought proper, to assign the time for their departure.

I am very much afraid, dear friends, you may already have suspected grievously his tutor of a foolish complaisance, from the idea of his yielding thus to every whim and fancy of his pupil. Upon which account, that I may justify the tutor, I am here reduced to the necessity of making you acquainted with a family affair; because I place a special trust on your discretion.

During the whole course of Zephyr's travelling, he had written regularly to his father; and this last had constantly remarked that all his letters were continually interlarded with expressions of disgust and hatred of the place where it was dated, and of approbation and enthusiasm for the city he was next to visit. It was clear from this, that every country, after having caused him from afar delightful hopes, had filled him, after he had reached it, with indifference and discontent. These observations, joined to those
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OR, EDITOR'S FAREWELL. 147

the tutor made, and which confirmed the justice of them, as no doubt you will acknowledge after what you have been reading, made the father apprehend his son would draw but little profit from his journey; yet, he would not, by recalling him, afford the least pretext that he should say he had, in consequence of such recall, been made to lose the improvement meant him; he had only told the tutor not to thwart the whims and fancies of his son, which would contribute in the end to bring him back to England. It was thus, young Zephyr, after having *run* through Venice, Turin, Switzerland, and Holland, always with the same precipitation, making no remarks on what he saw or heard of, in his volatility, no longer now aspired at any object in the world but that of coming home, before the time was passed, which he had asked, himself, to be indulged with, for his travels.

Fathers will be always fathers; more than this 'tis needless I should say, young readers of this book, that you should know how Zephyr's father was affected at his son's return. But why am I denied the sympathetic pleasure of informing you, what extasy dilated his paternal bosom, at the sight of a dear son entitled to his tenderness? Why, have I not to represent them in each other's arms, both mute with joy, and mingling tears as they embrace? The father proud of all the

additional perfections he discovers in his son? and he on his side, pleased and happy to display them for the pleasure of his father, as a pledge of gratitude, his love with so much justice is entitled to! How glad should I have been to offer you this scene, though at the risque through inability, of weakening the expression of the picture! And with how much joy, and what agreeable sensations, would not both your parents and yourselves have been possessed, if you had found in the perusal of this page the expression of those sentiments, with which, no doubt, you have been often mutually penetrated! It depended upon Zephyr only, to get all of us this joy, and these agreeable sensations, by converting to a better use those cares that had been lavished on him, in the years of his first youth. What would there have been wanting in his education to improve the talents he possessed, and, in the end perfectionate his knowledge, would he but have had sufficient courage to subdue his restless turn of mind, and bring himself to something of an application, in itself more constant and assiduously kept up. Instead of all that volatility which carrying him from studies of one sort, to others of another, forced him to devour the difficulties unavoidably inherent to their rudiments, without allowing him sufficient time in any, to experience the enjoyment of improvement, even in one, without

out those false illusions that set off in such a glow of colours, distant objects for no other purpose than to render those he had attained to, less agreeable ; instead of those disgusts, he was condemned incessantly to undergo, when what he had observed, was in perspective so delightful, lost all brilliancy when in possession, what a fund of pleasure and enjoyment might not, on the other hand, have filled his understanding and his heart ; without adverting to that charming satisfaction a young man must find in the idea of outstripping all the hopes and expectations of his family, let us consider nothing but the personal felicity that would have fallen to him, since of that felicity so great a share would have reverted to his father, through the instincts of what men call nature.

You have seen him, my young friends, and reckoning from the time when he was first an infant, equally desirous of instruction, go in quest of useful knowledge, with an unremitting ardour, and supposing he should carry every thing before him, at the slightest effort, after having struggled valiantly against the most discouraging impediments ;—you have, I say, my friends and readers, seen him yield to those impediments, when just upon the point of conquest. Aided by his natural abilities, and animated by the praises of his parents, with a little more dominion of himself, he might have gained successively

150 THE VOLATILE YOUNG MAN;

ever has a tendency to ornament men's lives; his reason, brought betimes to its maturity by study, and the taste he might have certainly adopted for agreeable and not unuseful recreations, would have saved his youth from those inquietudes that now torment him; the sure principles he might have formed within him of the arts, connected with the force of habit in their cultivation, would have raised the value of each object in the progress of his travels; so that nothing would have seemed indifferent. The great master works of every kind, displayed before him, while they gratified his curiosity, would have communicated with them a fresh store of knowledge; his ideas would have had, in that case, a much larger range, by seeing many and more interesting objects; more exactitude by studying their relations to each other and their difference; a deeper knowledge of mankind by noticing their characters and morals in the different countries he went through. Agreeably received by foreigners, who could not but have been delighted at the idea of a youth, thus coming for instruction and improvement, as he might have done, among them, his short stay, in every realm he passed through, would have gained him the most flattering prejudices in his favour, with the good opinion of all parties. Making one with every company worth cultivating, he would certainly have learned that sweet in-

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situation, and that happy affability of manners, which, united to essential qualities, disarm the envious, and conciliate the tender interests of benevolence, with the respect resulting from esteem. He would not have come back into his native land, but every one with whom he had consoled, would have grieved at his departure, and the liveliest joy ensued on his return, in the idea of his friends, while the delighted feelings of a father would have led him to form every hope and expectation of his fortune.

But how far, alas! was not our Zephyr from a situation in itself so enviable; and to which, his destiny, one might have fancied, had designed him! In the cities he had speeded through, post haste, he spoke to none except the masters of those inns he had occasion to put up at, for refreshment in his flight by day, and for repose, when he was tired, at night. His countrymen had no idea of the least advantage to be reaped from the improvement he had made. His father saw the views it had been his delight to form, all disappointed, and his friends,—But could inconstancy like his gain one, deserving such a title? Zephyr had no friend. Poor youth!—How I lament him, when I think, dear William, we were just about his age, when our sweet friendship with each other first began; that friendship, which has never altered, and which leads us now, as in
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152 THE VOLATILE YOUNG MAN;

its infancy it did, to mix our fortunes and our lives, that we may share them with each other. How I love to recollect those happy moments of our youth, and even childhood, when the self-same thoughts and inclinations joined our hearts. With what rapidity did not whole days fly by us, spent, as they were all, in mutual confidence and study. Neither pain nor pleasure could ensue, but what was common to us: neighbours in the city, as we were, and neighbours in the country, for eight years there hardly passed a single day, that, from the need we found there was of being with each other, did not force us, as it were, to be together; and our separation! What sad tears did not that cost us? When I came before you to the capital, with what intensity of ardour did not every wish within my bosom call you to come after? When three years were past, what transport did not our re-union cause us! And at present, in our conversation, should but any circumstance bring back to our remembrance those sweet walks we often took together on the Terrace by the Thames, with Pope or Thomson in our hand, and talk at once of the delights of poetry and nature, what enjoyment find we not in the idea that our friendship still remains the same, and that we place our trust upon the hope that nothing but the grave will terminate it!

Oh,

OR, EDITOR'S FAREWELL. 153

Oh, my dear young readers, in whose company my soul has thus communicated its ideas, you will pardon me the freedom I have used in making you all parties to the matter of my private friendship. Such a friend as mine! Did you esteem him, as I mine! Were you esteemed too by him, as I am by mine! Besides, have I not something like a right to tell you such particulars as interest me greatly? Shall the name I have assumed, and under which this work is now presented to you, shall it, my dear friends, mean nothing? No, whatever has a reference to either of us, cannot to the other be a matter of indifference for the future. We are tenderly united by such bands, as shall not either on your part or mine be broke, without the imputation of ingratitude. If all the pains I take to form your understanding and your heart have, as I trust they have, some value in your eyes, on my part, am I not indebted to you for that value you put on them. Being children, you first came about me; but now more advanced in years, and much more interesting, though perhaps I must not say more lovely, you still keep me company. Thanks to the sweet endearings of such society, I find, throughout all nature, nothing but what inwardly rejoices me. How I delight to be surrounded by your charming countenances, upon which, I see, so graciously sketched out, mirth, innocence, and candour.

154 THE VOLATILE YOUNG MAN.

candour. It is you, my pleased imagination always gets together round me ; and by thinking what, on such and such occasions, your sweet lips would utter, I am able to excite attention in you by expressions that call forth your smiles, or make you weep. Come, then, and let me now present you to the country, having each a flower of hope and expectation in your hand. That hope and expectation are not to be disappointed ; no, you will not prove what some have shewn themselves, of whose bad actions we have read in history. They had no friend, to lead them on to goodness, through the paths of pleasure ; while in me, you are so happy as to have a monitor, who makes this duty his supreme delight and satisfaction. Think then, always of him ; and to think in such a manner of him as he wishes, let your recollection of his cares to entertain you, be connected with your virtues ; and methinks, already, I receive this flattering recompense of my solicitude to do you good. I hear you now repeat my name amid your sports and recreations : you will teach it, at a future period to your children, sitting on your knees, and in the sequel tenderly caress THEIR little ones, when they draw near, and kiss it in the time of your old age.



THE END.

T A B L E
O F
C O N T E N T S.

V O L. I.

THE pitying-hearted Little Shepherdes	-	-	Page	1
The Thunderbolt and Cloud	-			12
The Ungracious Son reclaimed	-			14
The Sorcery of Custom	-			33
A funeral Oration over Poverty and Virtue	-	-		40
One Fault makes many	-			45
Generosity	-	-		55
Mercy tempers Justice	-			58
The Value of a Friend	-	-		61
The Law Suit	-			89
The Necessity of Virtuous Principles				96
The Fortunate Encounter (<i>a drama</i>)				111

Time

VOL. II.

Time Lost, and afterwards Regained	3
The Dangers of a Foreign Education	12
Vice and Virtue	33
The Blessings of Peace	46
The Power of Truth	50
An Endowment in the Donor's life-time	51
The Widower	65
Dives and Lazarus	70
The Necessity of being loved	75
No Faith with the Wicked	79
Marriage made for Man (<i>a drama</i>)	81

VOL. III.

The Fate of Pride	3
Bounty in a Poor Man	8
The Unnatural Mother taught Affection	16
The foolish Choice	29
The Autodidactos ; or Self-taught	36
The Caprice of Love	47
The Dog preserved from Death	54
The Volunteer returned	66
Charity performed in Secret	74
Cruelty to Animals taught Mercy	82
The Grove and Aqueduct	96
The Unexpected Wedding (<i>a drama</i>)	101

VOL. IV.

Friendship	3
------------	---

Disin-

CONTENTS.

157

Disinterested Generosity, containing	
The Accidental Meeting	18
The Prison Scene	23
The Narrative	32
The Mediation	49
Relief administered with Prudence	56
The Prisoner set at Liberty	59
Great Events from Little Causes	62
The Little Mediatrix	69
Ode to the Creator	77
The First Trial	84
The Second Trial	90
The Test of Filial Duty	97
Loyalty and Patriotism (<i>a drama</i>)	99

V O L. V.

The Negroe at the Place of Execution	3
A Dreadful Malady	11
Probity Rewarded	25
The Righteous Man's Decease	37
The Double Adoption	45
Impudence is not Bravery	59
The Blessing of Good Children	69
The Little Tyrants punished	90
No Friendship lasting without Virtue	99
Paternal Love (<i>a drama</i>)	101

V O L. VI

A Compliment to the Fair Sex	3
The Three Consultations	15

The First Fault Dangerous, containing		
Introduction	-	39
Confidence in Parents needful	-	40
The Rage of Jealousy	-	45
The Punishment	-	58
Resignation	-	62
Deliverance	-	66
The Benefit of Misfortunes	-	75
Verfes to two elegant Young Ladies of		
Hackney	-	80
The Lucky Hat	-	90
Retaliation	-	95
Maternal Love (<i>a drama</i>)	-	97

V O L. VII.

The Portrait	-	3
The Giver and Receiver blessed	-	12
The Husband fortunately rivalled	-	30
The Natural Daughter	-	43
Rural Happinefs	-	57
The Unnatural Brother pardoned	-	66
The Patriot King	-	71
An Enemy forgiven	-	80
A Subject faved	-	89
Verfes to the Editor	-	100
The Magistrate (<i>a drama</i>)	-	101

V O L. VIII.

The Bane of Flattery	-	3
Unequal Matches ruinous	-	16
The Unfortunate Young Man	-	41

A Pec-

CONTENTS. 159

A People Civilized	-	-	58
The Virtuous Servant Maid	-	-	72
The Dancing Master's Ball	-	-	90
All the World a Stage	-	-	97
The Deserted Children (<i>a drama</i>)			109

V O L. IX.

The Village Friend of Man	-	-	3
The Last Risque	-	-	23
The Children in the Wood	-	-	45
The Conscientious Bookseller	-	-	59
A Mother's Bosom is God's Work alone			78
The Sick Child	-	-	97
The Vicious Invalid (<i>a drama</i>)			107

V O L. X.

A Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed			3
The Price of Blood	-	-	13
The Good Samaritan in parvo	-	-	25
Love wisely not too well	-	-	44
A Word to the Wife	-	-	64
Anecdote	-	-	79
The Expiated Crime (<i>a drama</i>)	-	-	81

V O L. XI.

Common Sense the best	-	-	3
God's Glory in the Heavens	-	-	30
Conversation 1.	-	-	32
Conversation 2.	-	-	52
The Mysterious Ways of Providence			80
This is the Golden Age	-	-	102
The Ruin of Play (<i>a drama</i>)	-	-	103

VOL.

160 TABLE OF CONTENTS.

V O L. XII.

The Courteous Little Ones	-	3
The Affectionate Husband	-	21
Wickedness Detected	-	47
The Hand Unseen	-	69
Death to Virtuous Men the Gate of Life		91
The Volatile Young Man; or, Editor's Farewell, &c.		130



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